

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE pamphlet of the Emperor Napoleon is reprinted entire in this number. The first reception in England was not very favorable: the debating society in Leicester Square being looked upon with contempt. This was rather a Cockney view of the case. Leicester Square and its dingy residents, however unfashionable in London, are important matters for the despotic governments of Europe. Here are congregated patriotic and desperate Germans, Italians, Frenchmen. The substance of the pamphlet is the Emperor's earnest desire for peace with England—and that appears to have made at last the impression which it ought. While the French press is so restrained it is difficult to judge of the national feeling,—and the English for a time suspected the Emperor himself of endeavoring to irritate the army and the people of France against them. It is likely that alarm and anger deranged for a time the steady mind of Napoleon—and that he soon returned to a truer sense of his relations and condition. To retrace mistaken steps about England, may be easier than to undo the violent measures of government in France. We should be sorry for the overturn of Napoleon, —for the Empire seems to be Peace. Every month of increasing trade with England, even

should it turn out to be only “a truce,” seems a great good to Europe.

Lord Byron comes up again, like a defaced Idol. Some of the writers represent him as an industrious, plodding writer, with little of the inspiration of poetry.

A bookseller writes to us that he has a customer who has bought every number of the *Living Age* from the beginning, and has the whole 56 volumes, handsomely bound, who has discontinued his subscription because the edges are cut,—alleging that the work cannot well be bound in its present shape. Now for such a complainant we have a high respect, of course, for no bad or uncultivated man has bought and read 722 weekly numbers of this magazine. But further, we have full sympathy with him, foresaw his objection, and provided against it. In order to be able to spare the labor of persons who are unwilling to use a paper knife—and yet to preserve the margin in a good state for binding, we incurred the additional expense of making the sheet of paper just so much larger, as to allow of the use of the bookbinder's cutting machine, and leave the margins exactly as large as they used to be. Our unknown friend will please accept this explanation, and jog on with us a little longer.

## NEW BOOKS.

**THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON**, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. Reprinted from the fourth London Edition, by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

This life of a self-educated, self-made man, has been repeatedly reviewed with high praise, in the pages of *The Living Age*.

**LIFE THOUGHTS**, gathered from the Extemporaneous discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his Congregation. Phillips, Sampson & Company, Boston.

Many of these beautiful thoughts, in few words, we should like to build into the waste places (we mean the bottoms of half-filled pages) of this magazine.

**ST. MATTHEW**. The Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, according to St. Matthew. The Received Version in paragraph form. With an Introduction by Thomas Hartwell Horne; a very full Index; and two

beautiful Engravings. This edition, in flexible covers, gilt leaves, printed on good paper and with large type, of pocket size, we have already recommended to our readers. For 50 cents it will be sent free of postage. Thomas H. Stockton, 1400 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Mr. Stockton will complete the *New Testament* in a series of such volumes—and we hope he may have a sufficient sale to enable him to give us the *Old Testament* in such separate Books.

**RAN AWAY TO SEA**: an autobiography for Boys. By Captain Mayne Reid. With numerous Illustrations. Ticknor and Fields. Boston.

**THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**. To the Two Houses of Congress, 8 Dec. 1857. With the accompanying Documents. 3 Vols. Octavo. For these volumes we are indebted to the Hon. Henry Wilson.

From the Quarterly Review.

*An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society, and Assistant Underkeeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Oxford, 1857.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the lime-stone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital. Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphrey's foot while he was swimming without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages which were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting on the gases, the terrible oppression at his chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen, nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant, "I do not think I shall die." Without physical

pain, infancy would be maimed, or perish, before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said of a man who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.

The same Infinite Wisdom which has contrived pain for our protection has also distributed it in the manner which causes it to

fulfil its defensive purposes with the least suffering to its subjects. The chapters which Sir Charles Bell devoted to this question in his work on the "Hand" are alone, from their originality, and the striking evidence they afford of design, worth all the rest of the Bridgewater Treatises. The skin is the advanced guard through which every injury to the other parts must make its way. The skin, therefore, required to be the seat of a peculiar sensibility both for its own security and to impel us to flinch from the violence which would hurt the flesh beneath. Forming our notions of pain from what we feel at the surface, we imbibe the idea that the deeper the wound the more severe would be the suffering, but this, says Sir Charles Bell, is delusive, and contrary to the fact. The surgeon, he adds, who makes use of the knife, informs the patient that the worst is over when the skin is passed, and if, in the progress of the operation, it is found necessary to extend the outer incision, the return to the skin proves far more trying than the original cut, from the contrast which it presents to the comparative insensibility of the interior. The muscle is protected not by its own tenderness, which is by no means acute, but by the tenderness of its superficial covering, "which affords," says Sir Charles, "a more effectual defence than if our bodies were clothed with the hide of a rhinoceros." To have endowed the delicate internal textures with an exquisite susceptibility to the gash from a knife, or a blow from a stick, would have been superfluous torture. The end is effectually attained by spreading over them a thin layer of highly sensitive skin, which is too intolerant of cuts or bruises to allow any harm to approach it, which it is in our power to avert. In addition to the protection which is thus provided against occasional dangers, the skin, by its sensibility, is essential to our existence under the hourly conditions of life. It is the skin which acts as a thermometer to tell us whether the temperature is suited to our organization, and warns us alike to shun pernicious extremes of heat and cold. It is the skin again which prompts the instinctive restlessness that preserves the entire frame from decay. A paralytic patient must be supported upon soft pillows, and his position frequently changed by the nurse, or the uninterrupted pressure upon the same surface stops the flow of the

blood, of which the consequence is the speedy destruction of the part, mortification, and death. When Sir Charles Bell called the attention of his audience to this fact, in a lecture delivered before the College of Surgeons, he bid them observe how often, as they listened to him, they had moved upon their seats that they might shift the weight of their bodies, and relieve the portions which were beginning to be cramped. "Were you constrained," he said, "to retain one position during the whole hour you would rise stiff and lame." Even in the unconsciousness of slumber the contrivance continues to act, and, were it otherwise, sleep, instead of being "nature's sweet restorer," would derange the circulation and cripple our frames.

Not only have different parts of the system sensibilities which differ in degree, but sensibilities which differ altogether in kind, so that while both shall be acutely alive to their appropriate stimulus, one or either may be dead to the application which rouses and tortures the other. "A man who had his finger torn off," writes Sir Charles Bell, in his "Animal Mechanics," "so as to hang by the tendon only, came to a pupil of Dr. Hunter. I shall now see, said the surgeon, whether this man has any sensibility in his tendon. He laid a cord along the finger, and, blindfolding the patient, cut across the tendon. Tell me, he asked, what I have cut across? Why, you have cut across the cord, to be sure, was the answer." The tendon was as insensible as the string itself. Further experiments have shown that the tendons of the muscles, the ligaments which hold together the joints, the cartilages which act as a pad to the extremities of the bones where they work upon one another, feel neither cuts nor burns. But there is a very different result if they are submitted to stretching, laceration, and concussion. Then they raise the warning voice of pain, and obtuse to what might seem a more agonising species of injury, they are intolerant of the less. The reason is obvious. The skin is the fence to the inner membranes from the first class of evils, but if the skin is to have the play and power of adaptation which is essential to its functions, its suppleness would be too great to be a check upon the movements which affect the cartilages, the ligaments, and the tendons. These consequently are made impatient of concussion, of tearing, and of stretching, that we might



not leap from heights, run with a violence, or twist our joints with a force inconsistent with the strength of the human fabric. The pain of a sprained ankle shows how sufficient is the punishment to put a check upon any excesses of the kind. Exchange the sensibilities, confer upon the membranes which are interposed between the joints, or which tie them together, the same feelings both in kind and degree which belong to the skin, and the common movements of the body, or even the weight of one foot upon another, would have been attended, says Sir Charles Bell, with as much suffering as we experience when we walk upon an inflamed limb.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance to the wind-pipe without falling into it. A little moveable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chink of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor liquids, in short, can pass without shutting down the trap-door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safe-guard. The slit at the top of the wind-pipe, which never closes entirely while we breathe, is endowed with an acute sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but, unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind-pipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which compressing the chest over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when any thing chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the wind-pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable too, is it to observe, that while thus sensitive to the most insignificant atom, it bears without resent-

ment the atmospheric currents which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb of bread, or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole frame; yet, left to itself and its proper office, the introduction of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea. This capacity of perceiving with such acuteness, this impatience of offence, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties, one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is to the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities, in this, as well as in some other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort—our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose."

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined at the request of Charles I., a nobleman of the Montgomery family who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. "I then brought him," he says, "to the king that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart." Yet it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; we speak of a good-hearted and a bad-hearted, a hard-hearted and a kind-hearted, a true-hearted and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by an out-work of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed nothing to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor it unmistakably responds to the varied emotions of the mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds, and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which it contracts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property

of the heart is probably designed to subserve is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming, physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feeling unless they are in connexion with the brain. The nervous chord which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up as to the major part of them, and when a section of what may be termed the great trunk-road for the conveyance of our sensations is diseased, and by the breach in its continuity the nerves below the disordered part can no longer send their accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or hacked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead carcass instead of to a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical centre of all sensation. Yet, strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wounds the brain alone enables us to feel. "It is as insensible," says Sir Charles Bell, "as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient in the sentence that he is uttering." Because the bone which envelops it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of them when directed against its own fabric, though it is at the same time the sole source of the pain which those injuries inflict upon the other portions of the system. But the skull is no defence against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great mental toil. To these consequently the same brain, which has been created insensible to the cut of the knife, is rendered fully alive, and giddiness, head-aches, and apoplectic oppression give ample notice to us to stop the evil, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.

Since neither pain can be felt, nor any other sense can be exercised except through the medium of the nerves, it is to these that we must trace the diversified impressions of which the body is susceptible. It is here that Sir Charles Bell made the beautiful discovery which entitles him to be ranked among the greatest physiologists the world has produced. Pairs of nerves are given off from the spinal cord at short intervals along

its entire length. Ramifying throughout the body, they are the medium of communication between the various textures and the spine, and, by means of the spine, with the brain. Each nerve has two roots which issue separately from the side of the spinal cord, but almost immediately coalesce and run together like a single cylinder. Sir Charles Bell detected the leading fact, which has thrown such a flood of light upon the nervous system, that one of these roots consisted exclusively of sensitive fibres, and its fellow entirely of fibres of motion. Irritate the root which emerges nearest to the back of the cord, and the suffering is intense. Irritate the root which comes out towards the front of the cord, and no pain whatever is felt, but irrepressible muscular movements are provoked. Again, divide the first, which is called the posterior root, and the sensibility of the parts which it supplies is destroyed, while the power of motion remains complete. Divide the second or anterior root, and there is an end to motion in the parts to which its fibres lead, while the sensation continues as acute as ever. The two sorts of fibres which run together for a large portion of their length in a single cord, and which are apparently identical in structure, have yet offices as distinct as seeing and hearing, and which can be no more interchanged than we can hear with the eye or see with the ear. The same nerve, for any thing we can discover to the contrary, might have had the double endowment of giving rise to both feeling and motion, just as the nerve of taste appears to be also a nerve of common sensation, but this would have confounded the entire scheme for the regulation of pain. The muscles which are constructed for producing movement must be pervaded by motor nerves. If these had been as instrumental in exciting feeling as in causing the contractions by which we sit down, stand up, run, walk, raise weights, and strike blows, the interior textures would have been as sensitive as the skin, and sitting down, standing up, running, and walking would have been operations as painful as a disease. In the marvellous plan of Providence similar fibres have been invested with separate functions; and the hidden muscles being plentifully supplied with nerves of motion, and sparingly furnished with the nerves of sensation which confer such exquisite properties upon our outer in-

teguments, each organ fulfils its own end without detriment to the system.

Notwithstanding the subdued sensibility of the muscles, they nevertheless are possessed of a property which has been termed by Sir Charles Bell the muscular sense,—a sense which is absolutely essential to the sustained performance of many of the commonest actions of life. If, he says, we shut our eyes, we can still tell the position of our limbs—whether the arm, for instance, is held out, or whether it hangs loose by our side. By what means is the mind cognisant of this circumstance, since we neither touch nor see anything? Mainly by a consciousness proceeding from the muscles themselves, which informs us of their state, and tells us where they are and what they are about when there is no second channel through which the knowledge can be fully attained. The cases in which the faculty is destroyed best show its use. Sir Charles Bell attended a woman who had lost the muscular power of one arm, but retained it in the other. Though the muscular power, however, remained, the muscular sensibility was extinct, and the result was that when she used the serviceable arm to hold her infant to her bosom, it only did its duty while her eyes were kept fixed upon it. The moment any object withdrew her attention her arm gradually relaxed, and the child was in danger of falling. In the same way we have seen a paralytic who could raise his glass to his lips as long as he continued to gaze upon it, but if he looked off it for a second it slipped through his hands. In these instances there is no longer a muscular sense to acquaint us with what the muscles are doing and to regulate their exercise. The necessary knowledge can then be obtained through the vision alone, and directly this source of information fails us also, the muscles speedily cease to exert themselves, just as if there were no glass or infant to sustain. The blind man in such a case would have no use from his arms at all, and in those who can see, how imperfectly does the visual supply the place of the muscular sense! how beautiful is the adaptation which, in withholding from particular textures the sensitiveness which occasions needless pain, yet confers upon them a nicety of perception which reveals to the mind every change in their position, and their precise adjustment when they are at rest!

The principle is apparent in all the special nerves of sense. They have a sensibility of the kind which the particular organ requires, but they are dead to every feeling besides. Unless the same nervous trunk contains fibres differing in function, the nerve of taste, as we have already intimated, is equally a nerve of common sensibility. But this is no exception to the rule which ordains that the sensibility shall be limited to what its purpose demands. That we may not introduce substances into our mouths so hot or so cold as to destroy the parts with which they come in contact, it was necessary that the tongue should be a judge of temperature; and that we might the better manage our food in mastication, it was needful that it should have a perception of the surfaces of objects. These properties must be exercised in conjunction with the taste; and whether both are effected through a single nerve, or whether the nerves of touch and taste are distinct fibres blended into one cord, makes no difference in the contrivance. Both sensations exist at the same point, because both are required there for the pleasure and welfare of man.

The olfactory nerve is neither capable of producing motion or experiencing ordinary pain. Though there are nerves of common sensibility in its neighborhood, which are roused by irritating applications, such as snuff, and by the various causes which affect the skin, the nerve of smell perceives odors, and odors alone. The nerve of hearing, in like manner, can only hear, and the nerve of vision, with the exception of being concerned in certain muscular movements, can only see. A substance may be designed to address itself to more senses than one, as the food which is pleasant to the palate may be no less grateful to the nose, but it cannot on that account be smelt by the first or tasted by the second. Each sense is kept to its own sphere; and though the same object should put them all into action at the same moment, they would all of them return a different response, and all be true to themselves. Nay, they will answer to a stimulus which has no resemblance to that for which they were primarily contrived; but however much the stimulus may vary, the sense will not depart from its regular function. Thus, if a small current of air is directed to the tongue, it occasions a taste like saltpetre;

if the nerve of hearing is irritated, it gives the sensation of sound; if the retina, which is the expanded nerve of vision, is pricked, as in the operation of couching for the cataract, it gives the sensation of a spark. "An officer," says Sir Charles Bell, "who was shot through the bones of the face, felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied by a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's." A blow from a fist will produce similar effects in a minor degree. An accumulation of blood in the capillary vessels of the several nerves will set the whole of the senses to work. "This one cause," says Dr. Kirkes in his excellent "Handbook of Physiology," "begets in the retina, while the eyes are closed, the sensation of light; in the auditory nerve, the sensation of humming and ringing; in the olfactory nerves, the sense of odors; and in the nerves of feeling, the sensation of pain." No wonder that sounds are often heard when there is no noise, and luminous appearances seen when there is no light, since the excitement of the nerves by the prick of a needle or the congestion of disease is ample for the purpose. The simple pressure of the finger upon the eyeball will evoke all the colors of the rainbow. In the midst of this insensibility of the nerves of special sense to every sensation except that which is fitted to the function for which each are intended, they have yet a protective pain of their own, which is no less efficient for its end than that of the skin. The nose is impatient of bad smells, and impels us to shun their noxious influence. A single organ of limited extent serves in this way to guard the entire body from one class of evils. How intolerable would have been the annoyance, how useless, and perhaps how fatal, if the property had been spread over the whole of the outer integuments, and we had been as sensible of stench at every pore as of cuts and of burns! The optic nerve, which is unconscious of other kinds of injuries, is utterly intolerant of a too dazzling light. Placed at some distance beyond the surface, the bones of the skull and the sensitive coat of the eye are its security against wounds; but unless the orb of day was to be the plague instead of the blessing of man, the skin which is our protection against so many dangers could not have been made incapable of being turned to the full blaze of a meridian sun,

while with all its obtuseness to laceration, the optic nerve is alive to evils from which there is no other defence, and is its own guardian against an excess of light.

But we have not yet done with the visual organ. The more the instances are multiplied the more we are impressed with the beneficence of the arrangement, and it is especially conspicuous in what Sir Charles Bell relates of the peculiar nature of the sensibility which protects the coat of the eye. "The oculist," he says, "has observed that if it be touched as lightly as by a feather the muscles are thrown into uncontrollable spasms; but if the point of the finger be passed somewhat rudely between the eyelids so as to press directly upon the eye itself, he can hold the eye steady for his intended operation, and produce hardly any sensation, certainly no suffering. This is one of the little secrets of the art; and still the wonder grows that he can do such things without inflicting pain, when daily experience makes us sensible that even a grain of sand produces the greatest torture." The question is, why the membranes should be keenly alive to the lighter touch, and comparatively indifferent to the rougher; and admirable is the answer which Sir Charles Bell has supplied. Numberless small particles float about in the air, and rest upon the eye, or lodge under the eyelid. Owing to the extreme susceptibility of the surface, these foreign bodies are the agents of their own removal, for they stimulate the flow of tears and the winking of the lid, which together wash the ball from every impurity. The action is proceeding during all our waking hours; and here, as in other instances, the contrivance and its purpose are only revealed to us through the deplorable consequences which ensue from the extinction of the power. The nerve of the coat of the eye is sometimes injured, and is no longer sensitive to the dust which adheres to the ball. Then the lid is not excited to wink or the tears to flow. The particles which are carried into the eye cease to pain, and, being allowed to remain, they set up inflammation, and the inflammation renders opaque the transparent covering through which the light flows. Blindness is the result, and the sight itself is found to be dependent upon the refined sensibility of the outer membrane. This is the reason that it is more intolerant of a faint touch than a



rough. From violence the soft and delicate textures can only be defended by the same precautions by which we consult the safety of the rest of the system, but a provision was required to neutralise the evil consequences of myriads of destroying forces which are too numerous to be eluded, and too minute to be seen. Yet so nicely is the sense adjusted to its end that we are unconscious both of the stimulus which sets the machinery in motion, and of the movement of the machinery itself. The objects which pass into our eye are unfelt, and the winking of the lid and the flow of tears which they provoke are unheeded. It is not till substances larger than ordinary are in question that the suffering commences, and warns us to remove by other means what the usual action of the apparatus is unable to expel. Notwithstanding that the lid may be moved at the bidding of the will, the mind cannot exert itself for the protection of its principal inlet, and take up the function which when inherent in the injured nerve was exerted so incessantly, so effectually, and so imperceptibly. In the cases which came under the notice of Sir Charles Bell the person winked if a hand was waved before the eye, for the danger which then menaced was one which is revealed to us through the sense of vision, but no mental impulse prompted a similar movement to rescue the sight from the destruction which impended through the lost sensibility of the outer membrane to touch. It is impossible to reflect without wonder upon the number and complication of the involuntary operations which are thus going on in the body, and which are indispensable to its life. The heart ceaselessly expands and contracts, the lungs play, the stomach digests, the glands secrete; and all this surprising mechanism and chemistry proceeds with such quietness, and is so self-sustained, that sleep is neither disturbed by it nor stops it. If the vital system had been dependent on the superintendence of the mind, our attention could not have been diverted from it for a minute; all our care must have been concentrated on the working of our bodily organs, and all our care would still have been insufficient. The completeness of the contrivance often conceals it from our observation; and how few there are who have ever reflected that they would be stone blind unless the membrane of

the eye had been endued with a property which excited them constantly to wink!

The adaptation of the structure and senses of animals to their mode of existence has been traced by naturalists in a thousand particulars. The design in them, as in us, has a palpable reference to its end, which in other words is to say that creative wisdom is never at fault and is perfect in every link of the chain. This alone must satisfy us that pain can be no exception to the rule, and that, as it has been diversely distributed over the body of man in the manner which his safety and comfort requires, so it must be meted out to each order of beings in the degree which consorts with their position in the world. The ground is almost alive with the common earth-worm. Wherever mould is turned up, there these sappers and miners are turned up with it. They are nature's ploughmen. They bore the stubborn soil in every direction, and render it pervious to air, rain, and the fibres of plants. Without these auxiliaries "the farmer," says Gilbert White, "would find that his land would become cold, hard-bound, and sterile." The green mantle of vegetation which covers the earth is dependent upon the worms which burrow in the bowels of it. What conveys a more definite idea of the magnitude of their operations, they are perpetually replenishing the upper soil, and covering with soft and fine material a crust which before was close and ungenial. They swallow a quantity of earth with their food, and having extracted the nutriment they eject the remainder at the outlet of their holes. This refuse forms the worm-casts which are the annoyance of the gardener, who might be reconciled to them if he were aware that the depositors save him a hundred times more labor than they cause. Mr. Charles Darwin has shown that in thirteen years a field of pasture was covered to a depth of three inches and a half with the mould discharged from their intestines, and in another case the layer they had accumulated in eighty years was from twelve to fourteen inches thick. They therefore play a most important part in the economy of vegetation, and we see why they teem throughout the surface of the globe. In the performance of their functions they are exposed to more incessant injury than any other creatures. Cut by the hoe, the spade, the scari-



fier, and the plough, every implement of tillage is to them an instrument of mutilation. They are the prey in addition of innumerable enemies. The voracious mole invades them in their own domain. The thrush taps and vibrates the earth, which apparently leads them to imagine that their underground foe is approaching, and makes them hurry with the celerity of fear almost into the bill of the bird, and are instantly swallowed alive. The omnivorous pig does not disdain to eat them with the other products of the soil he turns up with his snout. It would be contrary to the notions we frame of the Deity, and the evidence with which nature abounds of his benevolence, to suppose that he endowed worms with a wonderful tenacity of life, and placed them where they were liable in a singular degree to wounds and depredation, and yet rendered them as sensitive to pain as the higher order of animals. The truths of physiology and the researches of naturalists confirm the conclusion from the general dispensations of Providence.

The writhings of the worm are apt to be taken by the casual observer as the measure of its agony, but movements are an uncertain indication of suffering. In the diseases which affect the spine of man the part of the body which has lost its communication with the brain, and by consequence its feeling and power of voluntary action, is nevertheless capable of convulsive and unconscious movements, for these can be carried on through the sole agency of the nerves and spinal cord. What is necessary for the purpose is a nerve of sensation to run from the skin to the spine, and a nerve of motion to extend from the spine to the muscles. Then when the nerve of sensation is irritated the impression is conveyed to the spinal cord, and thence to the nerve of motion, which compels the muscles to contract. But though the patient sees the motions, he can neither feel nor control them in extreme cases, and has no more share in what is going on than if he were the spectator of it in another person. A man who was asked by John Hunter whether he felt the irritation which was agitating his limbs, replied, "No, sir, but you see my legs do." Dr. Carpenter who records the circumstance, quotes instances in which the loss of sensibility was incomplete when the stimulus of which the patient was unconscious excited

more violent contractions than the stimulus of which the effects could penetrate to the brain. A feather passed lightly over the instep, though unfelt, gave rise to jerks in the limb which far exceeded in vehemence the movements produced by pricking and pinching, which were sufficiently acute to be perceived by the subject of the experiment. The cognizance which the mind had of the greater irritation probably enabled it to exercise a constraining control which was wanting when the application to the skin was too slight to be felt; but whatever be the explanation, the fact is undoubted, that the very absence of feeling may cause an aggravation of muscular convulsions. This phenomenon in man, of whose sensations we can obtain a certain knowledge, is a key to many of the nervous motions of brutes. The body, says Dr. Kirkes, of a decapitated lizard will writhe when the skin is punctured; and if the animal is divided in two, the lower portion can be roused into activity as well as the upper. If the head of a frog be cut off, it will leap when the feet are pinched; and if the back or abdomen is irritated, will push with its legs as though it were impatient of the treatment, and desired to remove the cause. The irascible insect called the *Mantis religiosa*, or praying Mantis, from the attitude it assumes in seizing its prey, will, when headless, wound with its claws, the finger which touches them. If a centipede, says Dr. Carpenter, is sliced into several lengths, the action of the feet continues in each, and carries forward the fragments. Both the halves of a leech which has been cut in two continue to swim in the water; and when one of these creatures has been deprived of its head and tail, the trunk will retain an apparent vitality for several months. But the movements of decapitated animals must, like the movements in the limbs of a human being where the connection with the brain is destroyed, be exclusively due to the physical functions of the nerves, and not at all to feelings which can have no existence apart from the mind. A slice cut from the middle of a centipede can have no more power of perception than the amputated leg of a man. The contrary supposition would indeed require us to assume that a centipede must be compounded of half a hundred distinct individuals, every one of which possessed a separate conscious-

ness.\* The consequences involved in the notion seem not to have struck many intelligent persons, who fancied that, when the bits of an eel which was skinned and disembowelled, as well as divided into a score or more pieces, jumped from the frying-pan, it was the intolerable agony of being grilled which prompted the act. Even Southey enumerates among the cruelties of the kitchen, that we cook carp, which, he says, "after having been scaled and gutted, will sometimes leap out of the stewpan."

The upper portion of a worm which has been chopped in two is still, however, under the government of its brain, and retains its consciousness. Nevertheless a considerable step has been made in the argument when it is shown that the degree of feeling is not to be judged by the amount of the motion. This fact established, there is nothing to interfere with the inference that the perceiving power, of whatever kind, will be small in proportion to the want of development in the nervous organs of perception. Now the brain of a worm is of an exceedingly humble kind, consisting of two small cephalic lobes, which are wanting in all the parts and attributes which distinguish the higher classes of animals. Were there no other indication, the physiologist would at once determine that its conduct when wounded did not announce the same excess of pain as would give rise to similar contortions in man, especially when it is considered that the twisting motion is natural to the worm, and is excited by the gentlest touch. The further results which ensue from the injuries appear to complete the proof that the writhings are stimulated by an amount of feeling very far short of the intolerable anguish they might lead us to infer.

Every reader of "Don Quixote" will remember with a smile the unbounded faith entertained by the knight in the virtues of a certain balsam of Fierabras, of which he had read in his books of chivalry. "When I shall have made and delivered it into thy keeping," he says to Sancho Panza, "thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, which is an accident that frequently happens, but to

snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and, before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling as whole and as sound as an apple." This is an apt illustration of the difference between the organization of men and worms. The belief, which is laughable from its absurdity when applied to the former, is actually true of the latter, who readily repair such an accident as being cleft asunder, and that without any aid from the balsam of Fierabras. No more authoritative account can be given of the process than that which is contained in the lectures of Professor Owen on "Comparative Anatomy," a work surprising both for its range and its originality, though it is only one of the many titles to fame which have long placed our distinguished countryman at the head of his own vast and magnificent department of science.

"A worm cut in two was found to reproduce the tail at the cut extremity of the cephalic half, and to form a head upon the caudal moiety. Bonnet progressively increased the number of sections in healthy individuals of a small worm or naids, which he calls *Lumbricus variegatus*; and when one of these had been so divided into twenty-six parts, almost all of them reproduced the head and tail, and became so many distinct individuals. The small fresh-water naids show great power of repair and reproduction. There are some species found in sand or mud, such as those that stain of a red color extensive tracts of the Thames mud at low water, which, when submerged, habitually protrude the anterior half of the body, which is remarkable for its regular, oscillating movement. Bonnet cut off the head of one of the naids of this genus, which was soon reproduced; and, when perfect, he repeated the act, and again as often as the head was reproduced. After the eighth decapitation the unhappy subject was released by death; the execution took effect, the reproductive virtue had been worn out. Since many of the smaller kinds of naids frequently expose a part of their body, the rest being buried in the earth, both they and their enemies profit by the power of restoration of the parts which may be bitten off."—Owen's *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 252.

The earth-worm does not reproduce the losses from excision with the same facility as the naids, where every segment, like an egg, appears to contain the undeveloped germ of a new being; but that it can, and frequently does, survive and repair these injuries, affords

\* These animals, with many more, consist of several successive segments, which in structure have either a close or exact resemblance to each other. As Professor Owen admirably expresses it, "there is a multiplication of similar parts for the repetition of the same actions."

abundant testimony that its sensibilities are extremely inferior to our own. There is an amount of shock to the system, and a degree of pain, which we know from experience are inconsistent with life, even though none of the vital organs are touched, and that this shock and this pain do not arise when the body is cut in two is a sure evidence of comparative obtuseness, whatever may be the exact extent of the suffering undergone. A leech, whose anatomy is of the same class with that of the worm, may be divided in the middle while it is sucking blood, and be so little disturbed by the operation that it will continue feeding for several minutes. Nay, there is a vulgar, though, we believe, an unfounded notion, that half a leech is better than a whole one. The blood which goes in at one end finding an outlet at the other, the animal is not gorged, and the common people fancy that a divided leech will in consequence do the duty of a dozen. They have at least sufficient faith in the theory to reduce it to practice, the economy being the motive.

Insects stand higher in the scale of animated beings, but they are heedless of casualties which would be death or torture to man. The dragonfly, says Professor Owen, may be regarded, from the size and perfection of its organs of vision, and its great and enduring powers of flight and predatory habits, as the eagle of insects. He speaks of its head as being covered by two enormous convex masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass. He states that the swallow cannot match it in its aerial course, and that it not only outstrips its swift and nimble feathered pursuer, but can do more in the air than any bird—can fly backwards and sidelong, to right or left, and alter its course on the instant without turning. He describes its brain as being in keeping with the rest of its prerogatives, and having a larger development than in any other insect. Yet we learn from the "Entomology" of Kirby and Spence, that, when the tail of one of these beautiful creatures was directed to its mouth to see whether its known voracity would induce it to bite itself, it actually devoured the four terminal segments of its body. When it had proceeded thus far in the work of self-demolition, it escaped by accident, and flew away as briskly as if nothing had happened. Whatever may have been the pain, it was at least subordinate to appe-

tite, and apparently the animal had not the slightest susurricion that every mouthful was bitten from its own living flesh. It cannot surprise us after this to be told that many an insect which has been impaled by the scientific collector will eat with as much avidity as when free and unhurt. Mr. Hope informed Mr. Rowell that once he had a carnivorous beetle which got loose, and, in spite of the pin through its body, it wandered quietly about and devoured all the other specimens in the case. "The cockchafer," says Kirby and Spence, "will walk away with apparent indifference after some bird has nearly emptied its body of its viscera, and an humble-bee will eat honey with greediness though deprived of its abdomen." The instances of the kind which are upon record are absolutely legion, and we may fairly conclude that the suffering of insects is as much less acute than our own, as their exposure to injuries is greater.

If we continue to go up higher, and, leaving the animals without backbones, come to the lower classes of vertebrata, we shall still find reason to believe that their sensibility to pain is not acute. The conduct of fish bears out the inference which would be drawn from the smallness of their brain. "Often," says Mr. Davy in the "Angler and his Friend," "a trout has been captured with a hook in its mouth which it carried off only an hour or two before." When Lord Byron, therefore, in satirising with just indignation the piscatorial atrocities recommended by Walton, said that

"The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet  
Should have a hook, with a small trout to  
pull it."

he was mistaken in his assumption that the angler and the trout would be equal sufferers. A man with a hook in his jaws would have no great disposition to sit down to a feast, and he would certainly eat with a caution and a countenance very different from the eager voracity with which a fish in this predicament returns to its prey. If a small bone from the trout sticks in his throat, how little does he show of the composure which is manifested by the trout itself when the barbed steel is left buried in its gullet!

The more we advance towards human beings, the more strongly marked become the indications of pain. Mr. Rowell believes rats and rabbits to be far from sensitive, be-

cause they will pull away from a trap and leave a foot behind them. This rather proves their terror of being captured than their indifference to the process of tearing off a limb, though the fact that the operation should be possible when the leg has not been cut, and that they should afterwards recover from the effects of the mutilation, is evidence enough that they are not constituted like ourselves. The slenderness of their forms facilitates the dismemberment; but a man in a similar situation would not have the resolution to release himself by wrenching off so much as a finger, nor could keep from swooning if he made the attempt. Mr. Rowell relates horrible cases in which horses had broken their bones at the fetlock joint and were compelled to walk upon the stumps, with their fore feet turned up, as we should turn back our legs to walk upon our knees, and yet continued to graze quietly till they were despatched. But assuming the particulars to be accurately reported, and they did not fall under the observation of Mr. Rowell himself, we attach little importance to them. He acknowledges that horses are keenly alive to the stroke of the whip, the prick of the spur, and the sting of an insect. That they are peculiarly sensitive to lameness is also a matter of every day experience. They groan when they are wounded on the field of battle, and by their looks and their restlessness betray great uneasiness when the lacerated flesh begins to inflame. The absence of pain in particular instances of extensive injury can only be temporary, in the same way that the soldier is often unconscious for a time that his arm has been shot off, or a ball been lodged in his body. The numbness which appears to be produced by the concussion passes away, and the sensitiveness is to be judged by the suffering which ensues at a subsequent stage. Horses, no doubt, feel less than men, but they feel a great deal. It is impossible, however, to gauge with precision the degree of anguish which is allotted to each grade of animal life. There are circumstances in every case which must be experienced to be understood, and to estimate truly the condition of worms or quadrupeds we must become worms and quadrupeds ourselves. Enough for our purpose that there are unmistakeable indications that Providence either tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, or else does what is

equivalent, fits the fleece to the keenness of the blast. Enough that we can see amid the mists of imperfect knowledge that the same wisdom and beneficence which adapted animals for the element in which they move and have their being has equally apportioned their sensations to their situation, and that no animated being exists under circumstances which forbid it to praise Him "who satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Descartes believed that brutes are mere machines—that, as Bentley put it, "they are like the idols of the Gentiles—they have eyes and see not; ears and hear not; noses and smell not: they eat without hunger, and drink without thirst, and howl without pain." When an Emperor of China, Bentley says, was presented with a watch, he took it for an animal. Descartes, on the contrary, considered animals a species of watch. He supposed their frames to be so many wheels and springs, which were set in motion by external objects, and that the creature mechanically obeyed the influence without the participation of will or consciousness in the act. Baillet asserts that Pascal esteemed the theory to be the most valuable part of the Cartesian philosophy, and Dugald Stewart conjectures that the singular value he set upon it was for the solution it afforded of the apparent sufferings of brutes. There is no one so great but he has sometimes exemplified the truth of Prior's couplet—

"Who fastest walks, but walks astray,  
Is only furthest from the way."

The absurd figment of the brain by which Pascal soothed his tender mind aggravated the miseries of the unhappy animals, who, because they were supposed not to feel, were treated as if they were devoid of feeling. His Jansenist allies dissected live dogs without remorse to observe the circulation of the blood, and imagined that their howling was only the whirl of the wheels. Later, when a bitch with pup fawned upon the celebrated Malebranche, he gave it a violent kick to drive it away. The animal uttered a yell of pain, and Fontenelle, who was present, an exclamation of pity. "What!" Malebranche coldly replied, "do you not know that it does not feel?" To him the cry was nothing more than the striking of the clock when the hammer falls upon the bell. There may be persons who, in like manner, may think themselves licensed to torture creatures more



in proportion as their sufferings are shown to be less. The doctrine which is important to save gentle hearts from bleeding with superfluous distress, may encourage the hardened to indulge in fresh atrocities. But we confess we have no such fears. The brutal are never restrained in their brutality by any consideration of the torture they inflict, and the humane would shrink from imposing a single throb of needless pain. He who would drag a child by the hair of its head, and plead in extenuation that it was not so bad as being scalped, or pinch it and urge in justification that an equal number of stabs would have been worse, is the only kind of reasoner who would mutilate animals because their sensations are not so keen as the sensations of man. The good never conceive themselves privileged to inflict wanton misery, whether small or great, and the cruel care for no other griefs but their own.

Intimately associated with physical injuries and pain is the death in which they ultimately result. This necessary end constitutes to many minds the chief terror of the incidents which produce it. That all which lives should be born to die detracts nothing from the wonders of their being. Which would be the greatest marvel, a ship whose timbers should never rot, or a ship which itself should gradually decay, but before its lease was out should give birth to new vessels, which again should bring forth fresh fleets to be multiplied from age to age in increasing numbers and unimpaired vigor? This last is the prodigious method of Providence. A solitary oak contains within its trunk a power to generate future forests, which will spread their giant arms and rear their kingly heads when their progenitor is returned to the soil from which it sprung; while their numerous progeny, from the first-born which rivals the parent stem to the sprouting acorn which just lifts its leaflets above the earth, will continue to maintain the succeeding line in an unbroken gradation. The system runs through all creation, from man, who is the lord of it, down to the meanest piece of moss that grows upon a wall. In such profusion are the germs of animated things produced, and then cast forth to perish, with no opportunity, from their very excess, to evolve the structure of which each contains the rudiments, that we might think there was prodigality even to wastefulness, if waste was possible where

power is infinite. Without death, far narrower limits must have been put to propagation than prevail at present. The same set of men and animals must have occupied the globe, and myriads of creatures, we of this generation included, could never have tasted the delights of existence. Death, therefore, may be said to be the parent of life. What would have been the scheme of the Almighty if sin had never entered into the world is altogether beyond our faculties to conjecture. Our knowledge, we find from experience, is limited to observing what actually exists, and it is with admiration that we perceive how the general good is maintained through the general mortality, and each creature is made to contribute both by its life and by its death to the benefit of the rest. The examples are innumerable, and we select a few out of the thousands which might be adduced.

There is a class of animalcules called *Infusoria*, because they can be obtained by infusing any vegetable or animal substance in water, which, says Professor Owen, "are the most minute, and apparently the most insignificant of created beings." Many of them are so diminutive that "a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals, a number equalling that of the whole human species now existing upon the surface of the earth." Nevertheless the varieties in size are such that the difference between the smallest and the largest "is greater than between a mouse and an elephant," though even the elephant of the race is altogether invisible to the naked eye. "They are the most widely diffused, and by far the most numerous of all the forms of organised life;" and whether in fresh water or in salt, "there is hardly a drop of spray flung from the paddle of a steamboat which does not contain some specimens of the race." They pervade every clime—torrid, frigid, and temperate—and "extend their reign in the northern latitudes beyond that of the vegetable kingdom." The part which Professor Owen, from whose lectures we borrow the whole of our statements on the point, represents them as performing is calculated vastly to extend our ideas of the wonderful economy of the universe.

"When we consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying bodies which they are appointed to devour, we must conclude that we are in some degree in-

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debted to these active scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office in preventing the progressive diminution of the present amount of organised matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic into the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organised particles and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as, for example, the *Rotifera*, and of numerous other small animals which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, such as fishes; and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organised beings, is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organic nature."—*Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Invertebrate Animals*, p. 36.

Nor do their functions end here. Various species of these far less than specks, are protected by shells, the remains of which form vast beds on the surface of the globe, extending sometimes to nearly thirty feet in depth, and to a mile or two in length. "Truly indeed," says Ehrenberg, as quoted by Professor Owen, "the microscopic organisms are very inferior in individual energy to lions and elephants, but in their united influences they are far more important than all these animals." Leslie calculated that if the entire population of the world was estimated at eight hundred millions, which is far beyond the truth, and that one-half of the number were capable of work, the power employed by nature in the formation of clouds would still be two hundred thousand times greater than the combined exertions of the whole human species. The evaporation nevertheless by which the air is saturated with moisture, and which represents this stupendous force, is carried on without noise or disturbance, and is almost unnoticed by the larger part of mankind. The gigantic operations of the Infusoria are still more quiet and secret. The very existence of these creatures was unknown till Leeuwenhoek detected one in 1675, and it is only through the microscope that we become conscious of their being at all. So mighty are the agencies hidden in nature, so immeasurable the results which are worked in a stillness, and, as far as our unassisted vision is concerned, in a darkness as deep as that of the night. Their own life

sustained by the products of death, the Infusoria are destined themselves to perish that they may sustain the frames of the creatures above them, death continuing to support life throughout the graduated scale of existence, until, the circle run, the food once more comes back to be the nutriment of animalcules from whom it originally proceeded.

The flesh-fly is another indefatigable scavenger. A small mass of decaying flesh sends forth an intolerable stench, and the sum total of the animal matter which is cast upon the earth would accumulate till it offended our senses and affected our health, were it not for the millions of busy beings which are deputed to clear it away. With such unerring instincts do they seek out their prey, and so commonly is putrefaction found to be teeming with life, that the creatures which spring up in it were once supposed to be generated by the corruption itself. This was long the stronghold of the atheist. Among the nobler animals the offspring had manifestly proceeded from parents to which they bore an exact resemblance. The incredulity of impiety, which flings aside the cable as too flimsy to hang upon and eagerly clutches at a rope of sand, turned away eyes which were wilfully blinded from the palpable wonders of the universe, and looked for an explanation of the origin of life in the maggots which crawled in a rotting carcase. These the atheists maintained were clearly the creatures of unintelligent nature—creatures which evidenced design, and yet were brought into being without a designer. The natural history of this miserable school was as much at fault as their theology. Redi covered vessels of putrid substances with paper or fine lawn, which kept out the insects, and nothing was produced. When the covers were removed, he watched to see what insects fed upon the aliment and laid their eggs in it, and the only creatures generated were of the identical species which had frequented the flesh-pots. Thus he proved that maggots were no more spontaneous products than whales and elephants, as Malpighi, by protecting earth from the imperceptible seeds which are scattered about by the winds, demonstrated that no plants spring up which are not first sown, and that consequently, to use the noble language of Bentley, "they were all raised at the beginning of things by the Almighty gardener, God blessed forever." Some species

of flesh-flies deposit their young already hatched; others, say Kirby and Spence, cover the nutriment with millions of eggs. In either case the progeny feed with unexampled voracity. They increase their weight two hundred-fold in twenty-four hours, and Professor Owen states that there is no exaggeration in the assertion of Linnæus that three flesh-flies would devour the carcase of a horse as quickly as would a lion. The larvæ of the cockchafer remain for four years in the condition of grubs. The eggs of the flesh-flies turn to maggots in a couple of days, and in five days more arrive at their full growth, when they speedily pass into the chrysalis state. Had they continued in their primitive form, like the cockchafer, the food in which they were born would have failed them, and they would have died of inanition. But they have another office to perform in nature besides that of clearing away putrid remains, and therefore, to preserve them for this second purpose, as well as to keep up the race, their grub existence is brief and they come forth in a week or two perfect flies. Mr. Rowell has calculated that from a single specimen there would proceed in six generations sufficient flies to cover the world to the depth of about a mile and a quarter. That they do not swarm notwithstanding is because they are destined to be the sustenance of innumerable birds, bats, and creeping things. They feed upon death, and sport their hour, when the stomach of some creature, which must eat them or starve, becomes their tomb.

The vegetable kingdom is the support of an infinity of creatures which escape our ordinary observation. "On the oak," says Dr. Carpenter, "not less than two hundred kinds of caterpillars have been estimated to feed, and the nettle which scarcely any beast will touch maintains fifty different species of insects, but for which check it would soon annihilate all the plants in its neighborhood." The check is constantly requiring to be checked itself, and still the plan prevails of making the death of a superabundant population sustain the life of some other description of beings. The caterpillars which are hatched from the eggs of the common white butterfly, and which may be seen feeding by scores upon cabbages, are kept down by the ichneumon fly. The singular process by which this is effected we give in the words of Professor Owen.

"The ichneumon, by means of her peculiarly long, sharp, and slender ovipositor, pierces the skin of the larva, and in spite of its writhing and the ejection of an acrid fluid, she succeeds in introducing the instrument by which the ova are transmitted, and lodged under the skin; she then flies off to seek another. Sometimes the female ichneumon, when she has found a larva, seems to take no notice of it, and in that case it has been found that another ichneumon has previously oviposited there, and by some peculiar sense she ascertains that there is no room for more ova, or not food enough for them when hatched. After the ichneumon has deposited the ova, she plasters over the wound with colleterial secretion. When hatched, her larvæ subsist upon the fat of the caterpillars which they infest. They avoid penetrating the alimentary canal, but evidently destroy many of the minute branches of the trachea which ramify in the adipose tissue. Such wounded tracheæ probably permit the escape of sufficient air for the respiration of the parasitic larvæ; for though the caterpillars so infested survive, and go into the pupa state, they are uneasy and evidently diseased; the loss of the adipose store of nutriment prevents the completion of the metamorphosis; they perish, and instead of a butterfly, a swarm of small ichneumons emerge from the cocoon."—*Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, pp. 417, 432.

Surprising is the instinct which teaches the larvæ of the ichneumon to avoid eating the intestines of their living prey. Were they to devour its vitals they would terminate its existence and put an end to their own. Whatever may be the value of the cabbage to man, he probably owes it to the ichneumon fly that any portion of this vegetable falls to his share, for out of thirty caterpillars of the white butterfly which Reaumur placed under a glass, twenty-five were the habitation of their murderous foe. That these were devoured in the morning of their life is in accordance with the general law which enacts that some of every race that breathes should perish in their infancy, while others should last to middle age, and a few fill up the full measure of the days allotted to their kind.

The grub of the cockchafer commits great ravages both upon grass and corn by gnawing the roots of the plant. Entire meadows are sometimes denuded by it. The rook eats these destroyers by thousands, and by one act gets food for himself, and protects the wheat which is the staff of life to man. They are the grubs which chiefly attract him to follow the plough, and when he plucks up a blade of grass or corn it is almost invariably for the sake of some description of worm

which is preying upon its root. The plants which he eradicates will be found upon examination to be dead or dying, and by devouring the cause of the mischief he saves the rest of the field from blight. Unobservant farmers, who never look beyond the surface, often mistake the policeman for the thief. Luckily their power to injure their benefactor is not equal to their will, or they would exterminate him altogether, and leave the depredators unmolested to consume the whole of the crops. When an unhappy success has attended efforts of the kind, the evil consequences have been signal and immediate. After the inhabitants had contrived to extirpate the little crow from Virginia at an enormous expense, they would gladly have given twice as much to buy back the tribe. A reward of threepence a dozen was offered in New England for the purple grackle, which commits great havoc among the crops, but protects so much more herbage than he destroys that the insects when he was gone caused the total loss of the grass in 1749, and obliged the colonists to get hay from Pennsylvania and even to import it from Great Britain. A few years since an Act was passed by the Chamber of Deputies to prohibit the destruction of birds in a particular district of France. They had been recklessly killed off, and the harvest being swept away in its first green stage by millions of hungry reapers, the earth had ceased to yield its increase. Extensive inroads like these upon the economy of nature reveal to us its wisdom, and clearly show us that if one while it is a blessing that particular animals should eat, at another it is a benefit to the world that they should be eaten. A flight of rooks renders services which could not be performed by all the cultivators of the soil put together, and if the poor birds are occasionally mischievous they are richly worthy of their hire. Make the largest probable allowance for their consumption of a portion of that crop, the whole of which they preserve, and they are still immeasurably the cheapest laborers employed upon a farm. Pages would be required to tell all the mistakes which are committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness of the lord of the creation to believe that everything which tastes what he tastes is a rival and a loss. Even wasps, which find no friends, chiefly because they are armed with

a sting, which, unlike man, they rarely or ever use unprovoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds. Mr. Rowell had two nests in a glass case, and found that the food brought in was chiefly caterpillars and insects. "Rerumur has observed," write Kirby and Spence, "that in France the butchers are very glad to have wasps attend their stalls for the sake of their services in driving away the flesh-fly; and, if we may believe the author of Hector St. John's *American Letters*, the farmers in some parts of the United States are so well aware of their utility in this respect, as to suspend in their sitting rooms a hornet's nest, the occupants of which prey upon the flies without molesting the family." Wasps are large consumers of fruit, but this is best protected by hanging bottles half full of a mixture of beer and sugar to the tree. "The wasps," says Cobbett, "attracted by the contents, go down into the phials and never come out again." The offenders alone suffer, and the rest are left free to pursue the avocations which nature has assigned them.

Mr. Rowell furnishes a curious example of the regular gradation in which the devourers of to-day are devoured to-morrow.

"I kept in a glass globe a variety of the smaller aquatic animals, such as the larvæ of dragonflies, and introduced amongst them a few of the common newts and water-beetles, one of which was the *Dyticus marginalis*. The dragonflies had been living 'on the animalcules, the newts attacked and devoured the dragonflies. The next morning I found one of the newts lying at the bottom of the vessel half-eaten, and, while looking on, saw the *Dyticus* attack another newt. Not wishing to have them all destroyed, I took the *Dyticus* out of the water and put it in the sunshine, when, after a few minutes, it flew away, and had not gone more than thirty or forty yards when a sparrow caught it."

Thus the animalcules supported the dragonfly, the dragonfly the newts, the newts the beetle, the beetle the sparrow, and, as the sparrow has many enemies, he most likely became a meal for some bigger creature before the animal compound was given over to the inexorable maggots, and revived anew in the shape of flies, again to run the destructive round. Nature seems to have taken especial pains to maintain in vigor the carnivorous element wherever animal life is congregated together. If the pike is carefully excluded from a fish-pond, he appears there

after a time just as though he had smelt out his prey, and made his way to it over earth or through air. The eggs have been carried there on the legs and feathers of the water-fowl, or else been eaten by them and passed from their bodies undigested. The due balance is maintained, in spite of the jealous preserver of fish, and his sole consolation for his ineffectual efforts to shut out the pike from his share of the banquet must be the reflection that the intruder makes a far better dish than all the fry he consumes. Benjamin Franklin, who at the age of sixteen had adopted the notion that it was wrong to eat anything which had life, was brought back, two years afterwards, to carnivorous habits by seeing some smaller fish taken from "the stomach of a cod." "If, thought I," he says, 'you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you.' So I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people." Whichever way we look, the intentions of Providence are too clear to be disputed, and the benefits which result too plain to be denied, though many of the effects of the arrangement are impossible to be traced. The system of the world is not a collection of independent circles, but wheel is connected with wheel in an endless series, and the most we can do in our present state is to catch here and there a partial glimpse of the complicated machine.

Pope, in some beautiful lines of his "Essay on Man," has described the benefits which our protection confers upon the larger animals on which we feed. The interest we have in their welfare causes us to keep them in greater comfort than if they were left to a state of nature, and by stimulating the growth of provender we, at the same time, maintain them in far greater numbers. If, instead of tending them that we might afterwards draw upon them for our nutriment, they and we were rivals for the possession of the soil and its fruits, we must either kill or starve them at last to avoid starving ourselves. In respect of death, indeed, the poet considers man and his victims upon equal terms.

"The creature had his feast of life before;  
Thou too shalt perish when thy feast is o'er."

The circumstance in the contrast which would seem most disadvantageous to them is their apprehension of the bloody fate which awaits them, but this they clearly do not contemplate. There is true philosophy, as

well as fine poetry, in the lines of Pope which every child can repeat:—

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play!  
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

The feelings of the lamb are not those of the murderer in the condemned cell, who knows that he is about to be led to the gallows. It probably browses untroubled by the thoughts of death, and certainly no more dreads in anticipation its violent end than we in health do our natural end, and we are aware in our own case that the difficulty is not to forget it but to remember it. "The hare," as Paley remarks, "notwithstanding the number of its dangers and its enemies, is as playful an animal as any other." Vigilant and timid, its happiness is yet undisturbed by its fears, and it lives, we should judge, in considerably less alarm of the dog and the sportsman than the housebreaker does of the policeman, or the old lady of the housebreaker. The fish which share the same pond with the pike pass and repass him without being agitated by his presence until he gives them chase. The end, when it does come, is mostly too sudden to be painful. The moral and religious discipline which results from sickness shows us why a lingering death is best suited to ourselves. With animals the death of disease would be merely protracted misery. Left unmursed and unfed, they would endure far more than by the knife of the butcher or the beak of the hawk; and if one class of creatures are at greater disadvantages than another, it would appear to be those which perish slowly from a natural decay.

Where pursuit of the prey precedes its capture, the period during which the chase continues is so much addition to the mental suffering, which is as bad or worse than physical pain. Leeches creep into the shells of fish, and devour the inhabitants. Müller saw a shell-fish crawl upon the bank of a stream to get out of the way of its enemy, but, not being able long to subsist out of the water, it was obliged to travel back again, and became the prey of the leech, who was waiting to receive it. Yet even in these and similar instances of suspense, as when hawks pursue birds, and dogs foxes, there may be some alleviation to the distress from the hope of escape, and, at all events, the contest,



however bitter, is seldom long sustained. There are other cases still in which the animal destroying loves to torture, as it looks to our eyes, the animal destroyed. But the very interesting account which Dr. Livingstone\* gives of his sensations when the lion seized him by his arm, crunched the bone into splinters, and "shook him as a terrier-dog does a rat," would lead to the conclusion that appearances are deceptive. "The shock," he says, "produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partly under the influence of chloroform describe, who see the operation but feel not the knife." He infers that the same placency is common to animals when between the jaws of their enemies, and is an express and merciful provision of the Creator. In fact, though disease is often painful, the act of dying is not. Bodily suffering would be no protection then, and, consistently with the invariable method of Providence, we are spared a useless anguish. The placid feelings which accompany natural death are known from the evidence of multitudes, who have testified to their ease with their latest breath. The very pleasurable feelings which accompany drowning and hanging have been recorded by numbers who have been recovered after consciousness had ceased. Death from cold we should suppose to be one of the worst forms in which the king of terrors could approach, but, instead of the frosty horrors we picture, the victim finds himself rocked at last into a soothing slumber. "I had treated," says Dr. Kane, in his Arctic Explorations, "the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of

romance. I had evidence now to the contrary. Two of our stoutest men came to me begging permission to sleep: 'they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted.'" From this sleep, if they had been allowed to indulge in it, they would never have waked. The pain was not in dying, but in the effort to avoid it; the descent to the grave was easy and grateful; all the resolution was required to keep the steep and toilsome road which led back to life. As man is more sensitive than the lower animals, their sufferings must be less, and altogether, we should argue that the pangs which death inflicts upon them are not very great. The residue of misery which remains after every deduction answers, we may be sure, some beneficent end, and our part in the matter is to beware of adding to their sorrows beyond the limits of necessity.

The strong language in which Cowper has expressed his disgust at cruelty towards dumb creatures is not a whit stronger than every reflecting man will approve:—

"I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and  
fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Montaigne held cruelty to be the extreme of all vices; it is also one of the commonest. Humanity seldom or ever shows itself in inferior dispositions, and where it exists is readily destroyed. No unnatural taste is so rapidly acquired as the taste for shedding blood. There are few who are ignorant of the circumstance which occurred at the execution of Thistlewood and his fellow conspirators for treason. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd when the first head was severed from its body, but so rapidly did the spectators become accustomed to the sight that on the executioner accidentally letting the third head drop, there was a shout of "Ah! butter-fingered!" M. Blaze, in relating his military experience during the wars of Napoleon, mentions that the conscripts at the beginning of a battle made a circuit of twenty paces round the bodies which lay in their path. Soon they approached nearer, and ended by marching over them. Montaigne observed, during the French civil wars, that the atrocities kept increasing with exercise, till they rivalled any thing which

\* On a future occasion we shall endeavor to do justice to the admirable work of this missionary traveller. He describes the scenery of Africa, its vegetation, its climate, its animals, and its inhabitants with a minute accuracy which, to those who desire to have a complete acquaintance with a foreign land, is in the highest degree satisfactory. His long residence in the country has given him a perfect knowledge of his subject, and every word may be depended upon as much as if it was delivered upon oath. The unaffected philanthropy, the simple piety, the instinctive humanity which pervades every line of the work, give it the charm of an elevated sentiment which is everywhere felt even when it is not directly expressed.



was recorded in the annals of antiquity or which we have read of the sepoys in our own day. "I could hardly persuade myself," he says in his *Essays*, "before I saw it with my eyes, that there could be found people so savage, who for the sole pleasure of murder would hack and lop off the limbs of others, sharpen their wits to invent unusual torments and new kinds of death without profit and for no other end than to enjoy the grateful spectacle of the gestures and motions, the lamentable groans and cries of a man dying in anguish." He has remarked that those who luxuriate in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures usually learn their first lessons in barbarity by the maltreating of animals: and that after the Romans had become accustomed to the spectacle in their amphitheatres of the slaughter of beasts, they proceeded to take delight in the slaughter of gladiators. This is the natural progression. It is told of Henry IV. of France that he twice whipped his son, afterwards Louis XIII., with his own hand,—the first time because he had taken such a dislike to a gentleman that his servile attendants could only appease him by pretending to shoot with a pistol without ball the object of his aversion; the second time for crushing the head of a sparrow. Though the just punishment he had received was small in comparison with the unjust punishment he had inflicted, his mother objected to this discipline of her son. "Pray to God," replied Henry, "that I may live, for when I am gone he will ill-treat you." The experience of the king had taught him that cruelty seldom knows any distinctions, and that he who begins by crushing the heads of sparrows in sport would end by directing his venom against the very breasts he had sucked. The prediction was verified to the letter. "He was scarcely human," says a contemporary memoir-writer, and a single instance will suffice to prove it. A number of wounded Protestants were put, at the siege of Montauban, into the dry moat of the castle where he was quartered. Eaten by flies, tormented by thirst, tortured by their wounds, they perished miserably, and the amusement of their sovereign was to watch and mimic their dying contortions. When one of his associates, the Count de la Rocheguyon, was on his death-bed, Louis sent to inquire how he did. "He will not have long to wait," replied the expiring courtier, "be-

fore my final struggles will commence. I have often helped him to mimic others; it is my turn now." The lad who tortures dogs and cats in Hogarth's "Four Stages of Cruelty," winds up his career with a murder: and it may be taken for a maxim that he who in sheer wantonness behaves brutally to a sheep would not, if he could give free scope to his passions, be over gentle to the shepherd.

Mankind have thus a direct interest, on their own account, in enforcing mercy to brutes. But it is the imperative right of the animals themselves. The notion of coarse and ignorant minds is that all which exists has been created for the sole service of the human race, to use or abuse as the fancy takes them. A respectable Guacho exhorted Mr. Darwin, when riding in the Pampas, to spur his jaded steed. He refused, and represented that the animal was exhausted. "Never mind," replied the Guacho, "it is *my* horse."

With some difficulty Mr. Darwin made him comprehend that it was from motives of humanity, and not from the fear of diminishing the value of a piece of property, that he was induced to forbear. "Ah! Don Carlos," exclaimed the man, with a look of astonishment, "what an idea!" Hundreds upon hundreds of drivers in our own country share the opinions of this Guacho, and follow his practice. When God created the world, he did indeed "give man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He renewed the authority to Noah after the Flood, with the addition of the permission to kill and eat,—*"Every moving thing shall be meat for you."* But this power, which is delegated to us over the animal world, is, like every other gift of Providence, to be exercised according to the rules of justice and mercy, and not according to the wanton instigations of cruel caprice. Acting by God's leave, in God's stead, we must govern his creatures with the same benevolence which pervades the entire being of Him from whom we have received the trust:—

"Heaven's attribute is universal care,  
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare."

He may slaughter animals for his sustenance; he may make war upon them when they destroy his property, and mar his comfort; he may press them into his service, and compel them within the limits of humanity to do

his bidding. This surely is enough. It excludes nothing which can contribute to our real wants and real happiness. All beyond which trifles with life and inflicts pain, is useless and therefore wicked, and, as opposed to the very nature of the Deity, cannot receive his sanction in ourselves.

"For many a crime deem'd innocent on earth  
Is register'd in Heaven, and these no doubt  
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.  
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never."

Our observation of animals would alone prove to us that Providence designed their welfare even if it were not a necessary deduction from the attributes of the Creator. Although our Lord had not told us that he had care for sparrows, the whole make, economy, and habits of the sparrow would reveal the fact.

"Know Nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a  
bear."

When we read of the bears disporting themselves in the regions of ice, revelling in the intensity of cold, which to man with every contrivance of art is almost past endurance, and produces in him diseases which shortly terminate his existence; when we read of their sitting for hours like statues upon icebergs, where, if we were to take up our position, we should become statues indeed, and be frozen into the lasting rigidity of death; when we read of them sliding in frolic down slopes of snow which, if we were to touch with our bare hand, would instantly destroy its vitality and create a wound like a burn; when we read these statements in the narratives of the polar voyagers, we cannot resist the conclusion that the fur, which enables its original possessor to be at home in wilds which prove to us a dismal grave, was given more with a view to the warmth of the animal than with a view to the warmth of the monarch. He who located the bear amid the bleak horrors of an Arctic winter and adapted him to take his pastime therein, has certainly some consideration for the needs and joys of the shaggy quadruped while he lives as well as for those of the man who flays him when he is dead. Paley discerned the proof of the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of an infant than in anything else in the world, because its gratification was manifestly provided for it by another. "Every child," he adds, "I see

at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it." The argument is equally applicable to animals. The vivacity of fish, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, show, as Paley has himself remarked, the excess of their spirits. He has recorded, in a famous passage of his "Natural Theology," his frequent observation of a thick mist by the sea-shore, half a yard high, and two or three broad, and stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, which was formed entirely of shrimps in the act of bounding from the margin of the water—an act which, in his opinion, expressed delight as plainly as though they had intended it for the purpose. There is no creature, in fact, which does not sensibly exhibit, in its own fashion, its sportive propensities, and this general happiness of brutes is at once an unanswerable testimony that their Maker designed them to be happy, and that those who interfere unnecessarily with their tranquility are turning what was meant to be a beneficent rule into a hateful tyranny.

The laxity which prevails upon a point of such extreme importance induces us to specify some of the commonest motives to cruelty and to endeavor to expose them as we proceed. There is not one, perhaps, which operates more widely than that which would seem to offer the least temptation—unmixed wantonness, without any sort of object. Nothing is safe, provided it be small enough to destroy, which approaches within the reach of many people's hands and feet. To see a living thing and to desire to kill it are with them inseparable acts. On the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago in the Pacific the birds are so tame that they can be struck with a stick. The sailors who land there, Mr. Darwin states in his very delightful "Naturalist's Voyage," wander through the woods in search of tortoises and take a wicked delight in repaying the trustfulness of a race as yet unversed in the blood-thirstiness of men, by knocking them upon the head and leaving them to rot. Assuredly Providence has done nothing without an object, and is it to be supposed that he contrived creatures, which like ourselves are fearfully and wonderfully made, and breathed into them the breath of life, merely that we might beat out their brains by random blows as we pass along? Here is a wonderful as-

semblage of animate nerves, and blood-vessels, and digestive organs beyond even our power to comprehend, and can it possibly be the end of their creation, that we should ignorantly crush them like a piece of dirt? So elaborate and sentient a toy was never devised for so poor a purpose, and what must be the heartlessness of those who can thus idly extinguish the harmless merriment of myriads of beings? They ask of us no other favor than to let them alone, but if they must minister to our gratification, we might try and find it in sympathising with their enjoyment instead of recklessly annihilating it, as beyond all dispute we should be more worthily employed in studying the wisdom and greatness of God displayed in their construction than in blindly converting his transcendent handiwork into a shapeless and bloody mass.

Or put the argument in another form, and imagine that the beings above us were to treat us as we treat the beings below us, and we at once perceive that we should think them less angels than fiends. If every time they passed one of our species they struck him down into the dust, we should marvel at the ferocity of their dispositions, and be puzzled to explain how a race excelling us in intellect and strength could take delight in such unmeaning savageness. Swift represents Gulliver, when he is picked up by a Brobdingnag, as trembling lest the giant should dash him to the ground, as he himself had served vermin in England. This, Dr. Hawkesworth says in a note, was meant to inculcate humanity by making the case of the animals our own. The very word *humanity* is derived from human, to denote that mercy is the attribute of man, as brutal is derived from brute, to denote that acts of ferocity are proper only to irrational creatures. Nevertheless we believe that the human is the solitary being, with the exception of the animals whom he trains to act like himself, who kills merely for the sake of killing, without regard to the cravings of hunger or the necessities of self-defence.

The passion for exciting amusement has been another fertile source of cruelty. Cock-fighting which dates from antiquity, which was the favorite entertainment in the last century, and which is not even yet extinct, may serve for an illustration of the widespread propensity to indulge in sanguinary

spectacles. In the "Present State of England" for 1750, cock-fighting is called "a recreation for persons of birth and distinction," and it is mentioned as the characteristic of the sport "that it is an ample testimony to the invincible spirit of those little animals." The writer neglected to add that it was as ample a testimony to the invincible brutality of the persons of birth and distinction who could patronise the exhibition, and bet thousands upon the issue. Crabbe has detailed the particulars of the conflict with a minute accuracy which no prose description could surpass, and with a power which prose could hardly rival, though *his* scene is laid in a low public-house instead of a cock-pit built for the purpose, and the spectators are peasants instead of peers:

"Here his poor bird the inhuman cocker brings,  
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden  
wings;

On spicy food the impatient spirit feeds,  
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.  
Struck through his brain, depriv'd of both  
his eyes,

The vanquish'd bird must combat till he  
dies—

Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,  
And reel and stagger at each feeble blow.  
When fallen the savage grasps his dabbled  
plumes,

For other deaths the blood-stained arms as-  
sumes,

And damns the craven fowl that lost his stake  
And only bled and perished for his sake."

As vices usually go in clusters, so in this amusement cruelty, gambling, and curses met together—cruelty which tortures the animal world, gambling which inflicts ruin upon fellow-men, curses which strike at Omnipotence himself. The compiler, who called it a recreation for persons of birth and distinction, says immediately after of prize-fighting, that though "it displayed the dexterity of the persons engaged in it, it was an *inhuman* sort of diversion, and frequently attended with effusion of blood." In those days a prize-fight meant a fight with swords, and we are told by Sir Richard Steele that the combatants "cut collops of flesh" from one another for the gratification of the crowd. But these gladiators, at least, were voluntary victims and were paid for their suffering; and debasing as was the sport both to the actors and the spectators, it was less hateful than exciting a couple of fowls to peck each other to pieces, and watching the process with fiendish exultation. Who could recognise in

the eager attendants upon that bloody ring Shakspeare's "paragon of animals, in action like an angel! in apprehension like a God!"? Yet the exhibition itself was only a portion of the evil. Cruelty is the parent of worse cruelty, and the hardening process did not always stop at the cock-pit. A rich man, towards the close of the last century, had a favorite bird which had won for him several profitable matches. At last it lost, and the owner showed his gratitude for its past services by tying it to a spit and roasting it alive. Its screams brought some gentlemen who were in the house to its rescue; but the miscreant seized a poker and declared he would kill any person who came between him and his vengeance. In the midst of his imprecations he dropped down dead, suddenly summoned to the tribunal of his Maker, to urge if he could the equitable petition—

"The mercy I to others show  
That mercy show to me."

The sports of the field come distinctly under the denomination of cruelty when the creatures are neither destroyed because they are themselves destructive, nor because they are wanted for food. The principle does not affect the taking of game, which is an article of diet, and which cannot be killed more painlessly than by shooting. But the question remains how far we are justified in seeking our pleasure in the act of slaughter itself. M. Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who accompanied Captain McClure's Arctic expedition in the capacity of Esquimaux interpreter, describes, in his journal, an exciting conflict with some musk-oxen. In reviewing the entry on his return to Europe, he avows that he read it with feelings entirely different from those with which it was penned. He was pained, in the retrospect, to think that the first man upon which these inoffensive animals had ever set eyes should send a bullet into their brains in token of his dominion over them. But at the time, as he states, he was a hunter in heart and soul, and did not pause to reflect. This, we suspect, is the reason why thousands feel no compunction at pursuits which a tender spirit like that of Cowper, regarded with aversion. The excitement of the chase drowns consideration. That the misgivings of men less eager for sport are not the consequences of a morbid sensitiveness is clear when the manly and practical mind of Scott rebelled against the

proceeding. "I was never quite at ease," he said to Basil Hall, in conversation, "when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbors, but I am not ashamed to say that use never reconciled me to the cruelty of the affair. At all events, now that I can do as I like without fear of ridicule, I take more pleasure in seeing the birds fly past me unharmed. I don't carry this nicety, however, beyond my own person." Whatever may be urged in favor of shooting, angling with a worm, or any species of live bait, is absolute atrocity. "Leave a fourth part of the worm," says a modern writer, "beyond the point of the hook, as you will thus afford it more room to wriggle, and appear lively in the water." No more forcible argument could be penned in condemnation of the usage. Low as the feeling of worms may be, all the protracted pain of which they are capable is drawn forth by a treatment for which no sort of apology can be pleaded. Boswell thought that nothing except Johnson's inflexible veracity could have accredited his assertion, that, as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel alive, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still. Nevertheless many a boy may be heard denouncing the worm he is hooking for the same offence as was committed by the eel; and the child is too often in this respect the father of the man.

Another pretence for cruelty is the aversion we take to some creatures because they are ugly. This is the common reason for killing toads. Frogs, in consequence of an unfortunate family resemblance, are involved in the calamity; for Pope says that the only excuse he could ever hear urged for destroying them was, that they were so like toads. It must be admitted that there are creatures which are naturally offensive to us, and if they intrude into our houses, or multiply beyond measure, we must kill them if we cannot drive them away. But to massacre a toad when he is crawling along a path, merely because he does not come up to our idea of loveliness, shows a wonderful indifference to the sacred rights of sentient beings. A considerate, not to speak of a gentle, heart would feel as Uncle Toby felt when he apostrophised the fly which was buzzing about him—"Go, go, little fly; there is room



enough in the world both for thee and for me." That God's creatures should seem ugly to us, when nothing in nature can be ugly, is one of our imperfections; and instead of fiercely extirpating what we are too ignorant to admire, it should be a lesson of humility to us that we cannot see with more understanding eyes. It is a libel upon the Creator to condemn the image in which he has made His creatures, and to tear out their lives and deface their forms, because they are not fashioned according to our notions of beauty.

Closely allied to cruelty towards ugly animals is the cruelty which arises from what is called antipathy. Some people have an antipathy to spiders, others to cats, and, what shows the unreasonableness of the passion, the same creature which is the aversion of one person is the favorite of another. Antipathy, in general, means undefined fear, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the "Rambler;" and fear is always cruel, since it seeks its safety in the destruction of the object of its dread. "Because you are a coward, must I then die?" This is the detestable doctrine which the pusillanimous in troubled times have often applied to their opponents, and is a poor apology even when applied to brutes. Men and women too should be ashamed to convert their silly apprehensions into a sentence of death upon an innoxious creature, which never designed them any harm. Let *them* grow wise, and let the innocent animals live. To the fear of antipathy must be added the fear which springs from superstition. Don Quixote repeats the legend which avers that King Arthur did not die, but was 'turned into a raven; "for which reason," continues the knight, "it cannot be proved that from that time to this any Englishman hath killed one of these birds." If the raven ever enjoyed this charmed life, he has since paid for the immunity. Most of the lower orders are in haste to exterminate both ravens and owls, because they imagine that the croak of the one and the hoot of the other announce some calamity past or to come, which is just as if, when intelligence was brought to them of a piece of ill fortune, they hoped to cancel the mischief by murdering the messenger. Let them be as timid as they please in the dark, but, because God has created the owl to mouse in the dusk, let them not suffer their fears to convert it into

a harbinger of evil, and imagine that the music by which it expresses its joy is harshly sounding our doom. Let 'em leave it to gamekeepers to be the executioners of these lovely and useful birds of the night—to gamekeepers who, if they had their will, would allow no feathered thing to fly in the air except pheasants and partridges, nor any quadruped to run upon the earth except hares and rabbits.

Another source of cruelty is temper. When it is remembered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened, and how many hearts are saddened by it—when we consider that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most other calamities, inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous than medicinal—when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form too. But it also prompts a vast deal of the cruelty which is ordinarily called by that name. A good groom, says Bishop Berkely, will rather stroke than strike. An ill-tempered man commonly strikes instead of strokes. The enormities which have been perpetrated upon animals in fits of rage are past counting up. How have dogs been lashed and kicked, how have beasts of burthen been whipped and spurred, how have sheep and oxen been goaded till their sides ran down with gore. Often the provocation was only that the beast did not display more intelligence and endurance than had been given it by God—that, knowing no better, it had made some slight mistake—that, weary, and foot-sore, it did not manifest the same speed and spirit as when fresh and untravelled—often only that it had the misfortune to have a drunken master. There are people indeed who will plead passion as an apology for their violence; but one vice can never extenuate another, and it will not atone for our cruelty that it had ill temper for its parent. He who reflects upon his own mistakes and misdoings will excuse the fault of a dumb creature that has not his reason to direct it, and will learn patience if only in pity to himself. Man is worse than the most venomous reptile or the most savage beast if he maltreats



the creatures which serve his needs, since no beast is under equal obligations to the animal world.

"The wolf who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,

Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
E'er ploughed for him."

With no sort of conscience can we use animals as culprits when their sinews are the very life of ours. When we ride, we sit upon the skin of the pig; when we walk, we tread upon the skin of the bullock; we wear the skin of the kid upon our hands, and the fleece of the sheep upon our backs. More than half the world are human beings in sheep's clothing. We eat the flesh of some creatures, of some we drink the milk, upon

others we are dependent for the cultivation of the soil; and if it is a pain to us to suffer hunger and cold, we should be scrupulous to avoid inflicting wanton misery upon the animals by means of which we are warmed and fed. Mr. Waterton witnessed the annual ceremony at Rome of pronouncing a public benediction upon the beasts of burden. This humane naturalist rejoiced to think that the blessing would ensure them better treatment from their owners. Whether or no the effect was what he anticipated, there is a practical benediction which is for ever proceeding from the hearts of all good men, and which shows itself in admiration of the animal world as the work of God, in sympathy with them as sentient beings, and in gratitude to them as benefactors to ourselves.

**DESTRUCTION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY ON THE DEATH OF A GYPSY.**—I send the following particulars relative to the death and burial of a gypsy, which were communicated to me by a trustworthy informant, who had been an eyewitness of some of the incidents. The man, who was an ordinary member of the tribe, was ill of pleurisy. A surgeon was called in from the nearest town, who bled him, after much persuasion, the gypsies being much averse to blood-letting (so said my informant). The man became worse, and the surgeon's assistant came to see him, and proposed to bleed him again; upon which the assistant was forthwith sent about his business, and the surgeon's bill was paid, his further attendance being dispensed with. The man then died. He had expressed a wish to be buried in his best clothes, viz. a velvet coat, with *half-crowns* shanked for buttons; together with a waistcoat, with *shillings* similarly prepared for buttons; but a woman who had lived with him ran off with these garments; so he was buried in "his second best, without a shroud, and in the very best of coffins." He was buried in the churchyard of the nearest town. "They had a hearse and ostrich plumes; and about fifty gypsies, men and women, followed him; and when the church service was over, and the clergyman had gone, the gypsies stayed in the churchyard and had a service of their own." What follows is (to me at least) very curious. According to my informant, when a gypsy dies everything belonging to him (with the exception, I suppose, of coin or jewels), is destroyed. At any rate, thus it was in the case now mentioned, as my informant was a witness of the destruction. "First, they burnt his fiddle—a right down good fiddler he was, and many's the time I've danced to him at our wake; and then they burnt a lot of beautiful Witney blankets, as were as good as new; and then they burnt a

sight of books—for he was quite a scholar—very big books they was, too—I specially minds one of 'em, the biggest o' the hull lot—a book o' jawgraphy, as 'd tell you the history o' all the world, you understand, Sir—and was chock full o' queer, outlandish pictures; and then there was his grindstun, that he used to go about the country with, a grindin' scissors, and razors, and sich like—they couldn't burn *him*! so they carried him two miles, and then hove him right into Siv'un [i.e. the river Severn]; that's true, you may take my word for it, Sir; for I was one as help'd 'em to carry it."

Is this destruction of his personal property usual on the death of a gypsy?—*Notes and Queries.*

**SIR WALTER SCOTT AT CAMBRIDGE.**—The Annual Biography and Obituary of 1837 contains a memoir (signed M.D.) of John Clarke Whitfield, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, who set to music many of Sir Walter Scott's poems and songs. In this memoir I find the subjoined passage:

"In a visit Sir Walter made to Cambridge some years after, on his return from Waterloo, in the hope of hearing some of his lays sung, the poet and the musician met for the first time; this was the only personal interview they ever had. In the course of conversation, Scott mentioned an air published in a collection of Scotch songs, with accompaniments by Haydn and Beethoven, 'Oh cruel was my father:' the publisher says, 'This beautiful air, which perhaps belongs to the south side the Tweed, was communicated to the editor by his friend Mr. Alexander Ballatine of Kelso.' Dr. Witfield replied, 'that was the first air I ever composed, when sixteen years of age, at Oxford.' It was singular, Sir Walter again mentioned another song with admiration: 'That,' said the composer, 'is the last.'"—P. 133.—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Spectator.

TRELAWNY'S LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY  
AND BYRON.\*

THE main subject of this volume is the "Recollections" of an association with Byron and Shelley in Italy just before the death of the latter, and communications with Byron during the time the Greek adventure was in agitation and at its commencement. On arriving at Cephalonia, Byron appeared inclined, as usual, to "dawdle" away the time; and Mr. Trelawny quitted him for active work among the Greeks. The second subject of the book relates to the author's campaigning about as a partisan of the Greek cause; for he did not reach Missolongi till after the death of Byron. Upon Byron's "last days," therefore, he can throw no further light; but his description of the corpse and of the state of the poet's feet and legs is curious. The infirmity accounts for much of the irritability that appeared to the world the mere sensitiveness of vanity.

"No one was within the house but Fletcher; of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish: yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it. He was jealous of the genius of Shakspeare—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr. \* \* \*

"Knowing and sympathizing with Byron's sensitiveness, his associates avoided prying into the cause of his lameness; so did strangers, from good breeding or common humanity. It was generally thought his halting gait originated in some defect of the right foot or ankle: the right foot was the most distorted, and it had been made worse in his boyhood by vain efforts to set it right. He told me that for several years he wore steel splints, which so wrenched the sinews and tendons of his leg that they increased his lameness; the foot was twisted inwards, only the edge touched the ground, and that leg was shorter than the other.

\* *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Trelawny. Published by Moxon.

His shoes were peculiar; very high-heeled, with the soles uncommonly thick on the inside and pared thin on the outside; the toes were stuffed with cotton-wool, and his trousers were very large below the knee, and strapped down so as to cover his feet. The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for: he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance. In early life whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick he might have tottered along for a mile or two; but after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without squatting down or leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand—never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again. In the company of strangers, occasionally, he would make desperate efforts to conceal his infirmity; but the hectic flush on his face, his swelling veins and quivering nerves betrayed him, and he suffered for many days after such exertions. Disposed to fatten, incapable of taking exercise to check the tendency, what could he do? If he added to his weight, his feet would not have supported him: in this dilemma he was compelled to exist in a state of semi-starvation; he was less than eleven stone when at Genoa, and said he had been fourteen at Venice. The pangs of hunger which travellers and shipwrecked mariners have described were nothing to what he suffered; their privations were temporary, his were for life, and more unendurable as he was in the midst of abundance."

The substance of the book is for all time; containing as it does biographical information in the form of characteristic traits of both poets, and some details of Shelley's death, burial, and exhumation, of a strange and indeed shocking kind. The form and fulness belong to a past day, when anything relating to Byron and Shelley had a current and living perhaps even a fashionable attraction. The framework and the minutæ of daily occurrences, which of necessity take place in personal reminiscences, are of little account to the readers of another generation. Perhaps, too, Mr. Trelawny is needlessly expansive in the way of reflection and comment upon general topics where every one can draw his own conclusion, besides that he introduces matters which have no very direct bearing on his nominal subject.

Of the intellectual power, industry, and amiability of Shelley, the recollections leave a very favorable impression; while they distinctly mark the popular notion of a genius,—namely, that of a man possessed with certain ideas and indifferent to other especially external things. Whatever Shelley undertook in his own way—the study of books, the observation of nature, the impetus of composition and subsequent revisions—he did with all his might. In other affairs, more

especially in pecuniary and social matters, he was a mere child. In some things he was worse than a child. His abstraction often kept him from regularly taking his meals; which, had he not been cut off as he was, must have told upon his health. He would neglect what to the persons concerned were all-important occupations, for a book which interested him. Thus, when learning to steer the craft in which he subsequently perished, he would let her "yaw" anyhow while he was reading. The vessel itself was highly dangerous as a sea-boat; but this was rather the fault of Williams, the fellow victim of the poet, than of Shelley, who did not profess to understand nautical matters, whereas Williams was an amateur.

The impression of Byron left by Mr. Trelawny is the very reverse of the impression of Shelley, and is darker than anything yet painted of the "noble poet." The usual traits of selfishness, vanity, self-display, caprice, and superciliousness, are there, but with paltriness and meanness superadded. These qualities are sometimes shown in trifles; sometimes, as in his conduct to Leigh Hunt and his family, in grave matters. The following trait, as Mr. Trelawny truly observes, is worse than shabby.

"All that were now left of our Pisan circle established themselves at Albargo—Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley. I took up my quarters in the city of palaces. The fine spirit that had animated and held us together was gone! Left to our own devices, we degenerated apace. Shelley's solidity had checked Byron's flippancy, and induced him occasionally to act justly and talk seriously; now he seemed more sordid and selfish than ever. He behaved shabbily to Mrs. Shelley; I might use a harsher epithet. In all the transactions between Shelley and Byron in which expenses had occurred, and they were many, the former, as was his custom, had paid all, the latter promising to repay; but as no one ever repaid Shelley, Byron did not see the necessity of his setting the example; and now that Mrs. Shelley was left destitute by her husband's death, Byron did nothing for her. He regretted this when too late, for in our voyage to Greece he alluded to Shelley, saying, 'Tre, you did what I should have done; let us square accounts to-morrow; I must pay my debts.' I merely observed, 'Money is of no use at sea, and when you get on shore you will find you have none to spare'; he probably thought so too, for he said nothing more on the subject."

The following is the solution of the mysterious marriage according to Mr. Trelawny's comment and recollections.

"Byron's marriage must not be classed with those of the poets, but of the worldly wise,—he was not under the illusion of love, but of money. If he had left his wife and cut society,

(the last he was resolved on doing,) he would have been content; that his wife and society should have cast him off, was a mortification his pride could never forgive nor forget. As to the oft-vexed question of the poet's separation from his wife, he has told the facts in prose and verse; but omitted to state, that he treated women as things devoid of soul or sense,—he would not eat, pray, walk, nor talk with them. If he had told us this, who would have marvelled that a lady tenderly reared and richly endowed, pious, learned, and prudent, deluded into marrying such a man, should have thought him mad or worse, and sought safety by flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

"[Byron loquitor.] 'As to my marriage, which people made such ridiculous stories about, it was managed by Lady Jersey and others. I was perfectly indifferent on the subject; thought I could not do better, and so did they. I wanted money. It was an experiment, and proved a failure.'"

The greater mystery than even the marriage, the man himself, is resolved by Mr. Trelawny into an imitation of George Prince of Wales. It is probable that Byron's early experience of London life did him no good; but that early life was not spent among the élite of fashion, and Byron's character was pretty well formed before he became famous. Nor, to say the truth, were absolute want of feeling and professions of insensibility the vice of the Prince of Wales or his friends; it rather belonged to his friends of the Regency.

"His conversation was anything but literary, except when Shelley was near him. The character he most commonly appeared in was of the free and easy sort, such as had been in vogue when he was in London and George IV. was Regent; and his talk was seasoned with anecdotes of the great actors on and off the stage, boxers, gamblers, duellists, drunkards, &c., &c., appropriately garnished with the slang and scandal of that day. Such things had all been in fashion, and were at that time considered accomplishments by gentlemen; and of this tribe of Mohawks the Prince Regent was the chief, and allowed to be the most perfect specimen. Byron, not knowing the tribe was extinct, still prided himself on having belonged to it: at nothing was he more indignant than at being treated as a man of letters, instead of as a lord and a man of fashion; this prevented foreigners and literary people from getting on with him, for they invariably so offended. His long absence had not effaced the mark John Bull brands his children with; the instant he loomed above the horizon, on foot or horseback, you saw at a glance he was a Britisher. He did not understand foreigners, nor they him; and, during the time I knew him, he associated with no Italians except the family of Count Gamba."

We take the matter as it stands in the book, the accuracy of the author's "recollection."

tions" being assumed as regards Byron. Some letters are included which seem to be of a rather private and confidential character, and might perhaps as well have been omitted.

We quote what Mr. Trelawny has to say on that extraordinary and inexplicable act of literary treachery—the destruction of Byron's Autobiography. Byron is introduced speaking:

"People say that I have told my own story in my writings: I defy them to point out a single act of my life by my poems, or of my thoughts, for I seldom write what I think. All that has been published about me is sheer nonsense, as will be seen at my death, when my real life is published; everything in that is true. When I first left England I was gloomy. I said so in my first Canto of 'Childe Harold.' I was then really in love with a cousin (Thirza, he was very chary of her name), and she was in a decline. On my last leaving England I was savage; there was enough to make me so. There is some truth as to detail in the 'Dream,' and in some of my shorter poems. As to my marriage, which people made such ridiculous stories about, it was managed by Lady Jersey and others. I was perfectly indifferent on the subject; thought I could do no better, and so did they. I wanted money. It was an experiment, and proved a failure. Everything is told in my memoirs exactly as it happened. I told Murray Lady Byron was to read the MS. if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press."

Mr. Trelawny adds:

"It is strange that Byron, though professing to distrust everybody, should have had no misgiving as to the fate of his memoirs; he was glad Moore sold them to Murray, as he thought that ensured publication. He considered it indispensable to his honor that the truths he could not divulge during his life should be known at his death. He knew Moore prided himself on his intimacy with lords and ladies, for he was always talking of them, and that the chief aim and object of that Poet's whole life was pleasure at any price. Had he fulfilled his trust by giving Byron's memoirs to the world, he would have compromised himself with society, as they contained many a reminiscence which would have cast a shadow on the fashionable circles which Tom Moore delighted to honor. When the question was raised after Byron's death, of the publication or suppression of his memoirs, his friend Tom Moore acted as if he was quite indifferent on the subject; so he must have been, for although he permitted others to read them, he never found time to do so himself. He consulted the most fashionable man he knew on the subject, Lutterell, who, as Rogers says, 'cared nothing about the matter, and readily voted they should be put in the fire.' Byron said, 'some few scenes and names in his memoirs it might be necessary to omit, as he had written the whole truth. Moore and Murray were to exercise their own discretion on that subject.' He added, 'that the truth would be known and believed when he was dead, and the lies forgotten.' So there is nothing to extenuate the great wrong done to Byron by Tom Moore."

THE SUEZ CANAL.—It may be interesting to some of your readers, at the present time, when so much is written relative to the Suez route to India and Australia, to have a translation of Strabo's account (b. xvii. c. i. § 25.) of the opening of the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by the Ptolemies:

"This canal was first cut by Sesostris before the Trojan times, but according to other writers, by the son of Psammitichus, who only began the work, and afterwards died; lastly, Darius the First succeeded to the completion of the undertaking, but he desisted from continuing the work, when it was nearly finished, influenced by an erroneous opinion that the level of the Red Sea was higher than Egypt, and that if the whole of the intervening isthmus were cut through, the country would be overflowed by the sea. The Ptolemaic kings, however, did cut through it, and placed locks upon the canal,

so that they sailed, when they pleased, without obstruction into the outer sea, and back again."

Diodorus Siculus (i. 33.) also gives a similar account of the construction of the inter-oceanic canal, of which the remains at present exist:

"Darius the Persian left the canal unfinished, as he was informed by some persons, that by cutting through the isthmus he would be the cause of inundating Egypt, for they pointed out to him that the Red Sea was higher than the level of Egypt. The Second Ptolemy afterwards completed the canal, and in the most convenient part constructed an artfully contrived barrier (*διάρραγμα*) which he could open when he liked for the passage of vessels, and quickly close again, the operation being easily performed."

Herodotus (ii. 158.) attributes the construction of the canal to Pharaoh Necho, under whom, he says, 120,000 laborers perished in the execution of the work.—*Notes and Queries*.



From The Spectator.

CAPTAIN YULE'S MISSION TO THE  
COURT OF AVA.\*

THE object of this embassy to the present King of Burmah was to negotiate what is diplomatically called a treaty of amity and commerce, after hostility and war had extorted a large slice of the dominions which his deposed brother had possessed. The Mission was received with much greater respect than has hitherto been accorded to any foreign embassy; the King and his Ministers appeared personally friendly; and comparative freedom of exploration was allowed to the members of the Mission, partly perhaps because the King himself has a turn for philosophy. No treaty, however, was obtained; either through a mistrust not unlike Mr. John Cade's as to the danger attendant upon sealing, or a real prejudice of the Burmese to treaties, if they can help themselves. The Mission steamed up the Irawadi from Rangoon to the capital Amarapoora; and, after a residence of nearly two months, steamed back again re infecta.

It is of this voyage, of the residence at the capital including the Royal and Ministerial interviews, and of a few explorations in the vicinity, that the narrative proper consists. Various subjects are discussed in the volume, relating to the history, religion, arts, and manners of the Burmese, as well as to the geography of the country. These all contain the results of actual knowledge; but the matter is mainly drawn from other works; and, relating to remote, or as regards religion to often-discussed topics, it wants the interest or the freshness of living subjects.

Captain Yule has brought to his narrative and to his more disquisitional chapters a knowledge of many things, which after all is the main help to observation. In all that regards structure and execution, his profession as an engineer makes him an adept; he has a taste in architecture, art, and the cognate sciences, as well as much information on the history and religion of the Burmese. This knowledge he applies to the existing buildings, as well as to the remains of ecclesiastical art, which were found in the course of the Mission's voyage along the banks of the Irawadi. His descriptions of these things, especially of the antiquities of Pagán, are not only curious in themselves, but for the speculations they open up as to origin of the Burmese style, and the splendor of the empire

centuries ago, confirmatory of the reports by mediæval travellers who occasionally wandered beyond the Ganges.

After all, however, it is living man and his actual productions in which interest mainly centres; and there is a good deal of such in the volume, though not so much as may be found in some books of travels. Like all people who have few sources of amusement in themselves, probably few topics of conversation, and certainly no newspapers or popular literature, the Burmese are much addicted to dramatic entertainments, and very patient over their slow and elongated development. The Mission frequently landed for ceremonial purposes, and were mostly treated to a play. This is the critical deduction.

"Kings, princes, princesses, and their ministers and courtiers, are the usual dramatic characters. As to the plot, we usually found it very difficult to obtain the slightest idea of it. A young prince was almost always there as the hero; and he as constantly had a clownish servant, a sort of Shaksperian Lance, half-fool, half-wit, who did the 'comic business' with immense success among the Native audience, as their rattling and unanimous peals of laughter proved. It was in this character only that any thing to be called acting was to be seen; and that was often highly humorous, and appreciable even without understanding the dialogue. Then there was always a princess whom the prince was in love with. The interminable prolixity of dialogue was beyond all conception and endurance. What came of it all, we could not tell. I doubt if any one could; for, with the usual rate at which the action advances, it must have taken several weeks to arrive at a denouement.

"Much of the dialogue was always in singing; and in those parts, the attitudes, action, and sustained wailings, had a savor of the Italian, which was intensely comical at first. Dancing by both male and female characters was often interspersed, or combined with the action. The female characters in towns more remote from the capital were often personated by boys, but so naturally that we were indisposed at first to credit it."

The decency or indecency of the Burmese drama is a disputed point. Major Phayre, the Envoy, a capital Burmese scholar, decides in favor of correctness; ascribing anything beyond that to a polite wish of the Burmese to hit the taste of their visitors. Professor Oldham, the geologist, had travelled through one of the provinces, and seen a good many plays in various parts; and his evidence in support of the opposite conclusion is strong. However, hear both sides, and Major Phayre first.

"I have now seen a good many Burmese plays, and I declare, as a man of honor, that I never saw anything approaching to indecency

\* *A Narrative of the Mission sent by the Governor-General to the Court of Ava in 1855: with Notices of the Country, Government, and People.* By Captain Henry Yule, Bengal Engineers, F.R.G.S.; late Secretary to the Envoy, &c. With numerous illustrations. Published by Smith and Elder.

except when there was a sprinkling of Europeans. And I have not the slightest doubt but that the indecent actions I allude to were supposed to be conformable to the tastes of their civilized visitors. I have been at numbers of these entertainments where I was the only European, and then never saw anything of the kind. I have witnessed broad and coarse scenes certainly, and heard indelicate allusions; but most certainly not worse than I have seen in booths at English fairs, roared at by a rude audience. In one of the plays we were present at, something rather broad was exhibited, out of compliment to our tastes; and what was the remark of Woodouk [the conductor of the Mission] to me?—"You will not see anything of the kind at the capital. Here it passes among rude people. How could one sit at a play with one's wife and daughter were anything improper exhibited?"

"What I object to is Oldham's remark being supposed a true one with reference to Burmese taste and practice. As you say, "it seemed to be to the taste of the audience." Take indiscriminately any company of English folks, put them in a theatre, and let such a scene as we witnessed be exhibited. There would be a loud shout at once."

"Now for the other side. Mr. Oldham, having seen the question mooted elsewhere, sent me another note, in which he clearly established, from what he himself witnessed in a performance at Maulmain by a party of actors from Rangoon, the fact that things for which indecency would be far too mild a name were there exhibited, not as extemporized interludes, but as part and parcel of the substantive plot of the play; and that they were so was confirmed by his having the opportunity of examining with a competent interpreter the text of two of the pieces, in which the whole was laid down with stage-directions of the grossest character, and with graphic illustrations of the most filthy kind, needing no interpreter. In this case, I think Major Phayre cannot build much on the circumstance that the representation took place in a British dependency. These things are brought forward as facts, not as subjects for futile comparisons. We are in no position to throw stones in this matter, and need not go back to Wycherley and Mrs. Behn for stage immoralities. The true reconciliation of the controversy no doubt lies in the fact that there is a high and a low in the Burmese drama. It does not follow from Mr. Oldham's evidence that his Majesty the 'Great King of Justice,' with his courtiers, would tolerate the ribaldry which delights Maulmain."

One of the places of commercial production visited by Captain Yule was the petroleum wells, whence large supplies are drawn. It seems a natural monopoly altogether, requiring little beyond the labor of digging and transport; and is practically admitted by the Natives to be a privileged article pertaining to certain families. The cost in this country is not much influenced by the mono-

poly. On the river bank it is about 35s. per ton; in the London market, from £40 to £45 for the same quantity. The scarcity of rags some time ago turned public attention to a variety of fibrous vegetable substitutes; our traveller found the bamboo in use; but the result was not promising, possibly from want of skill or care.

"Papermaking is here a very rude process. The frame is stretched with the common close-woven cotton cloth of the country, bordered with wooden ledges to confine the pulp. This is placed in a shallow trough; the pulp being then poured in, spread over the frame, and rolled with a bamboo. It is then lifted slowly and drained; but the sheet cannot be removed at once, as it is even in the rude Bengalee process. The frame is set for some time to dry in the sun before this is attempted. The material is the fibre of green bamboos. This is macerated in small tanks for some weeks, and then pounded into a coarse pulp. The bamboos which we saw in maceration appeared to have been about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and were split into shavings about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The resulting paper is soft, but tough, fibrous, and of unequal thickness, only fit for packing purposes. I am not sure that this is the same paper which, agglutinated into a sort of pasteboard and covered with charcoal paste, is doubled into note-books under the name *parabeiks*, and written on with a steatite pencil. In this form it resembles our school-slates rather than writing-paper, the writing being easily obliterated. Yet this was almost the only form in which district records appeared to have been kept in Pegu, when the province fell into our hands. Writing-paper, properly so called, is not made at all in Burmah. Books are written with a style on palm-leaves, as in Ceylon; and for the few letters that are written in ink, English or Chinese paper is made use of."

The religion of the Burmese is well known to be a form of Buddhism, with its monasteries, its religious orders, and ceremonies closely approaching the Popish, its speculative trinity, its theoretical atheism or pantheism, and in the minds of many a practical belief of some superintending power. The philosophy of the Buddhists is of an equally curious character, not unlike that of the ancients and the mediæval speculators, who in the outset perhaps derived it from the East. Yet, as Captain Yule observes, a dim glimpse of truths developed by modern discovery is occasionally to be found; though it is a doubt whether they are mere coincidences arising from rhetorical guess or from some partial perception, such as is found among individuals in moral or economical science. The King himself is a learned man, and at a private conference he entered into learned questions with the Envoy.

"We had waited probably twenty minutes when the expected music sounded from within, and the guardsmen, (accompanied by Mr. Camaretta in his usual white jacket,) entered and dropped on their knees on either side. The doors in front of us were at the same time thrown open, and disclosed a long suite of gilded apartments, with the King, a rather short man, but muscular and well-proportioned, slowly pacing towards us, in rear of the attendants, who bore the sword and other royal apparatus just described.

"Coming in with a bright sparkling look, he took off his sandals behind the sofa, seemed to wipe his feet on a velvet hassock, and took his seat, doubling up his legs in the Burman fashion.

"Our nearer view made no unfavorable change in our judgment of the King's appearance. He has a clear and smooth skin, with a bright black eye, which twinkles up into quite a Chinese obliquity when he laughs, and that he does every two minutes; his moustache is good, the throat and jaws very massive, the chest and arms remarkably well developed, and the hands clean and small. The retreating forehead, which marks him as a descendant of Alompra, was now very conspicuous; and I never saw this feature before in such singular excess.

"He was dressed in the ordinary Burman fashion; with a scanty muslin fillet round his head, a well-fitting white cotton jacket, and a gay *pusso* of zigzag stripes. The only royal magnificence about his person was displayed in the *tsalwe* which crossed his chest in three distinct pairs of bands, brooched at the nine intersections with splendidly-jewelled fibulæ in form of crescents or rosettes. He also wore a pair of ear-tubes, in the centre of each of which sparkled a right royal ruby. After looking round awhile with a good-humored expression, he began to talk; first addressing himself to the Atwén-woons.

"K. 'Are the books which I ordered ready?'

"At. 'They are ready, your Majesty, and collected in the outer apartment.'

"K. (*Addressing the Envoy.*) 'Among these books is the Maha-Radza-Wang. Read it carefully, and let it enter into your heart. The advantage will be twofold. First, you will learn the events which have passed, and the kings who have succeeded each other; and secondly, as regards futurity, you will gather from thence the instability of human affairs, and the uselessness of strife and anger.'

"E. 'I will carefully study the work.'

"K. 'As regards the other works also, by constant study they can be acquired. As I said on a former occasion, the mass of earth, water, and air, which compose the great island (the earth) and Mount Myennio, is vast, but learning is more stupendous still, and great labor is necessary to acquire it. Do you know how many elements there are in a man's body?'

"E. 'I cannot inform your Majesty.'

"K. 'The body consists of a vast number of particles, small as flour or dust. One hair

of the head appears like a single fibre, does it not?'

"E. 'It does, your Majesty.'

"K. 'Well it is made up of a great number of smaller fibres, just as one of your long ropes you sound the depth of water with is composed of short fibres. Of the elements, earth enters into the bones, and water into the hair.'

The Narrative, originally printed at Calcutta for the use of the Government, is now published, in consequence of the favorable reception it met with. This edition has been subject to rearrangement and revision; the assistance of the Envoy himself and members of the Mission being freely given. The quarto form of the volume, the splendid style of getting-up, and the number and excellence of the cuts and plates, would suggest that it may now appear under official patronage,—possibly the last of the many works whose publication has been owing to the liberality of the East India Company.

When Mr. Crawford visited Ava he saw the young Maphoon, or genuine hairy humap child. Capt. Yule saw her, a woman and a mother; she came suddenly into the chamber, and he started as though the dog-headed Ambise had entered:

"The whole of Maphoon's face was more or less covered with hair. On a part of the cheek, and between the nose and mouth, this was confined to a short down, but over all the rest of the face was a thick silky hair of a brown color, paling about the nose and chin, four or five inches long. At the ale of the nose, under the eye, and on the cheek-bone, this was very fully developed, but it was in and on the ear that it was most extraordinary. Except the extreme upper tip, no part of the ear was visible. All the rest was filled and veiled by a large mass of silky hair, growing apparently out of every part of the external organ, and hanging in a dependant lock to a length of eight or ten inches. The hair over her forehead was brushed so as to blend with the hair of the head, the latter being dressed (as usual with her countrywomen) *a la Chinoise*. It was not so thick as to conceal altogether the forehead. The nose, densely covered with hair as no animal's is that I know of, and with long fine locks curving out and pendant like the wisps of a fine Skye terrier's coat, had a most strange appearance. The beard was pale in color, and about four inches in length, seemingly very soft and silky. Poor Maphoon's manners were good and modest, her voice soft and feminine, and her expression mild and not unpleasing, after the first instinctive repulsion was overcome. Her appearance rather suggested the idea of a pleasant-looking woman masquerading than that of any thing brutal. This discrimination, however, was very difficult to preserve in sketching her likeness, a task which devolved on me to-day in Mr. Grant's absence. On an after-visit, however, Mr. Grant made a portrait of her, which was generally ac-

knnowledged to be most successful. Her neck, bosom, and arms, appeared to be covered with a fine pale down, scarcely visible in some lights. She made a move as if to take off her upper clothing, but reluctantly, and we prevented it. Her husband and two boys accompanied her. The elder boy, about four or five years old, had nothing abnormal about him. The youngest, who was fourteen months old and still at the breast, was evidently taking after his mother. There was little hair on the head, but the child's ear was full of long silky floss, and it could boast a moustache and beard of pale silky down that would have cheered the heart of many a cornet. In fact, the appearance of the child agrees almost exactly with what Mr. Crawford says of Maphoon herself as an infant. This child is thus the third in descent exhibiting this strange peculiarity; and in this third generation, as in the two preceding, this peculiarity has appeared only in one individual. Maphoon has the same dental peculiarity also that her father had,—the absence of the canine teeth and grinders, the back part of the gums presenting merely a hard ridge. Still she chews pawn like her neighbors. Mr. Camaretta tells some story of an Italian wishing to marry her and take her to Europe, which was not allowed. Should the great Barnum hear of her, he would not be so easily thwarted. According to the Woodouk, the King offered a reward to any man who would marry her, but it was long before any one was found bold enough or avaricious enough to venture."

"TO KNOCK UNDER," "KNOCKING UNDER THE TABLE."—I think it more than probable that the origin of "knocking under the table," as signifying submission, or that the person who was "knocked under the table," was conquered, was this:—It is pretty well known by all, too well by those who have unfortunately inherited that painful heir-loom, the gout, that our ancestors used frequently to indulge in long "drinking bouts" after dinner; and it was considered, to their shame be it said, a triumph by him who maintained his head the longest; and rather a disgrace attached to him who was first "knocked under the table."

HENRI.

Cicero makes use of the phrase "*manum de tabulâ*" (*Fam.* 7. 25. 1.), i.e. "I remove my hand from off the table," meaning, "I withdraw from the discussion," "I submit."

Now what a Roman did by taking his hand off the table, and uttering three words,—an Englishman does by taking his hand in like manner off the table, and giving a knock underneath.

T. H. FLOWMAN.

Seeing an inquiry regarding the term "knock-

The dancing elephants at this court have long been famous. Capt. Yule saw them in their glory:

"The larger animal, a tall lean tusker, was more accomplished. The words of command were bawled into his ear by the mahout, and were accompanied apparently by a great deal of comment or explanatory discourse, whilst at every sentence the elephant responded by a loud grunt of assent, which was intensely comical in effect. His great step consisted in alternately lifting each fore leg, and flourishing it with a circular sweep, before putting it again to the ground. Not the least amusing part of the performance lay in the gestures of the mahouts, who on each side went violently through the actions and dances which they intended the elephant to imitate, shouting and encouraging, and urging and *bravo*ing him, as he increased the speed and awkward agility of his movements in accordance with the stimulation applied. At last the hind legs also came into play. They were flung up alternately in the air like the legs of a kicking horse, but in a slow, disjointed and inappropriate manner, that seemed to have no connection with the more rapid *pas* that was going on among the fore legs. The grave aspect of the old elephant's head and eye, all the time that his limbs were going through these unwonted gambols, was very comical, and the whole was certainly a piece of admirable farce, which drew shouts of laughter from English, Bengalees, and Burmese."

ing under," I am anxious to give you what I think must be the origin of the expression; in Devon, it is a term used in *sawing*, and applicable to the *under* one of the two; inasmuch as it is his duty to knock off the handle, in order to withdraw the saw when the work is completed; the epithet "top-sawyer" is also used as opposed to the "knocker under,"—the one meaning a person of first-rate abilities or means, and the other one who yields and submits to his better,—this meaning arising from the fact that the "top-sawyer" has more work of importance, and judgment too, than the one who "knocks under."—*Notes and Queries.* J. B. S.

DEADENING GLASS WINDOWS.—If the windows are distant, they may be painted carefully (within) with white paint, or still better with thick starch. Supposing that starch has been laid on carefully with a paint-brush, the effect will be improved if round every pane a certain quantity is taken off to leave a margin. I have seen glass deadened with starch; and when this method is cleverly performed, the effect is good.

—*Notes and Queries.*



## THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

HARSH is the voice and loud the war  
Of storms in that ungenial time,  
When, leaving southern lands afar,  
The sun wakes up our northern clime;  
The long white surges of the deep  
Then break on every wailing shore,  
And foaming down each rifted steep,  
The mountain-torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,  
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,  
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,  
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street.  
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,  
The violet slumbers yet unseen,  
And those wide fields and pastures wear  
No welcome tint of early green.

BUT GOD, with all a FATHER'S love,  
When Earth thus reft of beauty lies,  
Reveals in blazing pomp above  
The wonders of His radiant skies:  
Look thou on Night's refulgent arch,  
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,  
And thou shalt find in raging March  
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great ORION burns  
Descending in the cloudless west,  
And red ARCTURUS now returns,  
Beaming at eve a sacred guest:  
Far up in circles broad and bright,  
The Bear and Lion move and shine,  
While SIRIUS lifts his orb of light,  
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,  
And all is dark and joyless here,  
He sets before our longing eyes  
The glories of that lofty sphere:  
When, sorely tried, we grieve alone,  
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,  
He whispers from His starry throne,  
"LOOK UP, O MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD!"

## LIVING.

(AFTER A DEATH).

"That friend of mine who lives in God."  
—*In Memoriam.*

O LIVE!

(Thus, seems it, we should say to our beloved,  
Held by so slender chain, so oft removed),  
And I can let thee go to the world's end;  
All precious names, companion, love, spouse,  
friend,

Seal up in an eternal silence gray,  
Like a closed grave till resurrection-day:  
All sweet remembrances, hopes, dreams, desires,  
Heap, as one heaps up sacrificial fires,  
Then turning, consecrate by loss, and proud  
Of penury, go back into the loud  
Tumultuous world again with never a moan—  
Save that which whispers still, "My own, my  
own!"

Unto the self-same sky whose arch immense  
Enfolds us both, like the arm of Providence;  
Contentedly, can either live or die  
With never clasp of hand or meeting eye  
On this side paradise. While thee I see  
Living to God, thou art alive to me.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE 18

O live!

And I, methinks, can let all dear rights go,  
Sweet duties melt away like summer snow;  
Nay, sometimes seems it I could even bear  
To lay down humbly this love-crown I wear,  
Steal from my palace, weak, dethroned, poor,  
And see another queen it at the door—  
If only that the king had done no wrong:  
If this my palace where I dwelt so long  
Were not defiled by falsehood entering in;  
There is no loss but change, no death but sin,  
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain  
Of murdered faith that never lives again.

O live!

(So endeth faint the low pathetic cry  
Of love which, through death, learns, Love can-  
not die),

And I can stand above the daisy bed,  
The only pillow for thy dearest head:  
There cover up for ever from my sight  
My own, my own—my all of earth-delight:  
And enter the dim cave of widowed years,  
Where, far, far off, the trembling gleam appears  
Through which thy heavenly figure slipped  
away,

And waits to meet me at the open day.  
Only to me, my Love, only to me  
This cavern underneath the moaning sea:  
Thou wilt be safe out towards the happy shore:  
He who in God lives, liveth evermore.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

## DE PROFUNDIS.

"The young explorer was once delighted to  
discover the warm and bright bud of a poppy un-  
der seven feet of northern snow."—*Athenæum*, p.  
202.

FLOWER of the burning heart!

Flower of the fervent eye!

Poppy! Thy cup in days of yore

Was aye with sunbeams running o'er—

Why art thou here apart

Beneath an Arctic sky?—

Apart from all thy kin,

That gipsy gleaners stay,

Red-cloaked among the yellow corn

In sunnier lands where I was born,

And golden largesse win

The live long harvest day.

Here, fathom deep the snow,

Hath lain, and long shall lie,

(Fold closer yet thy scarlet vest),

Heaped coldly o'er thy glowing breast,

Yet shall not chill the glow

Nor close the fervent eye.

Flower! thou shalt counsel me;

Though fathoms deep of care,

Of faded hopes and gnawing fears,

May o'er me drift thro' cheerless years,

Yet warm my heart shall be

To do and trust and dare.

It shall be true and bold,—

The heart of long ago

Shall keep its hold on truth and right,

On love and faith thro' earth's bleak night;

Not all her drifting snow

Shall make the warm heart cold. H. T.

*Athenæum.*

From a London Translation.  
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND  
ENGLAND.

## I.

WE believe there is a duty to fulfil towards public opinion: it is to raise a calm and impartial voice amidst the passions which have been so unjustly evolved in England. We are confident in being understood on the other side of the Channel. Our observations shall be few: above all, we shall record facts.

When Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic, he found around him (in the Assembly which was to share and often embarrass his power) but parties hostile to, or not sympathizing with England. The Legitimists religiously preserved against our old enemies the historical resentment of our ancient national struggles. The Republicans remembered Pitt leagued with Coburg against the revolution in order to destroy it. The Orleanists regretted as much the protection which had humiliated them, as the repudiation which they had experienced before their fall. Finally, the partisans of the Empire had still their minds embittered by the most painful recollections of contemporaneous history.

How should the heir of the Emperor Napoleon I., now become the Chief of France, act? Should he yield to the animosity and prejudices of parties? Should he encourage by example the international hatred still quivering at the remembrance of Waterloo and St. Helena? Should he avenge, at least by his coldness, his name and character, outraged by the English Press at the period of his election? No! Exile is a school of wisdom and maturity for those whom God destines to supreme power. In this school Louis Napoleon had learned much and forgotten much. He only remembered the hospitality that had softened the trials of his days of adversity; he only considered the great interest which drew France and England together, in the cause of civilization.

## II.

In 1849 the Porte is menaced by Austria, on account of the asylum which she afforded to the Hungarian Refugees. The President of the Republic thinks that France cannot stand aloof in a matter which appears to affect important European questions. He

orders the French Fleet to be directed to the Dardanelles, at the same time as the English Fleet, and he thus seizes the first opportunity of an active understanding between the two Governments. But there were still at this epoch so many susceptibilities against England, that the French Ministry, of which M. Odilon Barrot was a member, put a condition on the despatch of our Fleet, namely, that it should not sail in company with the English Fleet, and that its action should be distinct, though the object was a common one. No doubt there was, in this reserve, an excessive distrust, but that was only the consequence of the excessive resentment fostered by the double influence of the Tribune and the Press.

Some time afterwards Lord Palmerston signifies to Greece an ultimatum which alarms Europe. The Legislative Assembly, that had inherited the sentiments of the Constituent Assembly against England, are glad to take this opportunity of showing their hostility. They press on the ministers of the President with all the weight of an opinion, supported by a sort of popularity; and our Ambassador, M. Drouin de Lhuys, receives orders to quit London. When this fact was announced by General de La Hitte, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, an emotion of inconsiderate patriotism pervaded the whole Assembly. In the evening, all the Chiefs of the Right attended at the Elysée to congratulate the President; he received them with much coldness, which showed that he did not participate in their exultation at a proceeding which might serve to resuscitate the antagonism of the two countries.

## III.

The 2nd of December came. This was an act of our internal situation that did not concern foreign countries. Nevertheless, several English Journals denounced the man who had saved his own nation from a frightful anarchy, and, perhaps, preserved Europe from commotion. Every species of calumny was invented, and error disseminated. A London paper even went so far as to present the sketch of a scene which represented insurgents being shot on the Champ de Mars. Credence was given to such things which our manners and habits, however, rendered as improbable as they are, happily, impossible. The truth is, that not only was no person shot after the fighting, but out of a popula-

tion of 1,600,000 inhabitants, there were in revolt only 1,500 demagogues, of whom 150 at the most perished with arms in their hands during the conflict. This truth can be as easily demonstrated in England as in France. With such audacity was the fact misrepresented, in order to create animadversion against an act which merited the gratitude of a civilized people.

Indifference was impossible in the face of such outrages; but impossibility was commanded by patriotism and public interest. The Chief of France allowed uninterrupted this flow of bad passions, mingled with the scum of our civil disturbances; he would not even authorize the reprisals, though very easy, of the French Press. Great nations cannot be offended with each other in vain, and when so offended they soon come to blows. That is what happened after the Treaty of Amiens, so quickly compromised by the violence of the Tribune and Press against the First Consul. It is evident that if in the first months of 1852 there had not been so much wisdom on our side in soothing opinion, we should have reverted to 1802, and a rupture would have become the inevitable result of the irritation between the two countries.

Public good sense, more than time, brought the reflecting portion of the English people to a right appreciation of events and men, whom so many gross mis-statements and odious calumnies had essayed to traduce. In England as in France, the conduct of the Emperor has been judged as impartial history will judge it. Already, in 1852, at a time of the most violent aggressions from a part of the English Press, the City of London protested energetically against a polemic which shocked its good sense and its patriotism. Two years later, when the Emperor and Empress visited, as Allies, the Queen of the Three Kingdoms, they received universal sympathy and respect in that great country.

#### IV.

We come to another phase of contemporaneous events. The Eastern question arises; war is resolved upon; an alliance is formed between France and England. How has this alliance been understood and carried out by the two nations? To the honor of both we must say, that if they had been united for centuries, they could not have brought more

loyalty, more marked devotion, more confidence under the trials which they both endured. As for us—and we may well be proud of it as a part of our glory—we exhibited our concurrence in every possible manner. There were not wanting persons, at that time, who perceived less a French than an English interest in the war in the East. Undeterred by that opinion, the Emperor sent to the Crimea twice as many soldiers as the English. A good and perfect understanding was among his most formal instructions to his Generals-in-Chief. This inspiration of the Sovereign of France became the rule of our army in its relations with the English army. Defending the same cause, exposed to the same perils, the two armies had duties and interests in common; they owed each other mutual support at all times. For our part, we gave it with a promptitude and good-will, of rare example in military annals, even between combatants of the same nation. At Inkerman, we rushed at the first call of our Allies, to share their danger and second their heroism under the terrible pressure of the Russians. The trials of a rigorous winter, the fatigues of a gigantic siege, the enormous losses caused by fire, cold and disease, had considerably impaired the effectiveness of the English army; several French regiments shared with them the duties of their own lines; they helped to open their roads, and transport their cannon and provisions. The English nobly reciprocated our aid; their vessels conveyed our troops to Bomarsund, and a part of those sent to the Crimea; later, when their army had been re-organized, we met from them the same devotion they had received from us; their hospitals were free to our sick, their medical stores at the disposal of our soldiers.

This is what took place in Russia: on the field of battle, the two people were as one; the soldiers of the two allied armies had but one soul under their united flags, to combat, to suffer, to die, and to triumph together. In like manner, after the peace gained by their common glory, the Alliance, cemented by this noble fraternity of heroism and conflicts, seemed thenceforward unchangeable. One would have said that we had buried our rivalries with our dead, under the sands of the Crimea, and that these noble victims had redeemed, by their blood shed in a common cause, the struggles of many centuries.

What a surprise for our ancestors, who lived with the hatred of another period, if they could have witnessed the English army, proudly bearing on their breast the effigy of the Martyr of St. Helena, and the sons of the soldiers of Waterloo wearing with equal pride the medal on which is engraved the image of the Queen of England.

## V.

THE alliance then seemed indissoluble. Soon, however, a dissension arose in the interpretation of the conditions of peace. This divergence, deemed of little importance in Paris, widened out of all proportion in London; and a part of the English Press, this time adding ingratitude to injustice, and unmindful of the past, were seen to insult the Emperor, his Government, his acts, his intentions. The Emperor remains impassible.

Nay, more, in a spirit of moderation, and for the sake of a good understanding, France and Russia agreed with England. The points in discussion, moreover, related to secondary interests, in no wise affecting the guarantees stipulated by the Treaty of Paris.

The question of the Principalities then arose. At the Congress of Paris, France and England were in favor of a union. Afterwards, the Cabinet of St. James's changed its opinion, and by a to-be-regretted appreciation of affairs, it was the Cabinet of the Tuileries which was represented in London as forsaking the alliance. The French Government might have justly felt hurt at this false interpretation of its conduct, so loyal and moderate. At this moment, the Revolt in India burst forth. If France had been less sincere in her sentiment, less disinterested in her views, the occasion was favorable for showing herself more reserved, perhaps more exacting, towards her Ally. The Emperor thought and acted quite otherwise. The embarrassments which the war in India brought on England only rendered him the more conciliating at Osborne, on the question of the Principalities. He offered, later, to the English Government, to let its troops pass across our territory, and he headed, with the Imperial Guard, a subscription for the victims of the Indian insurrection.

## VI.

WE here touch upon the most painful circumstance between the two countries, and

the most likely, without a frank explanation, to affect the confidence which is the strength of their alliance. This explanation has become necessary, not to make complaints, but to elucidate facts, and justify the feelings which have been manifested in France.

The attempt of the 14th of January had struck Paris, France, and all Europe with stupor. After first returning thanks to God, it was asked what was the origin of the crime? whence came the assassins? amidst whom had they conceived thoughts which had nothing of humanity, so perverse and savage were they! The assassins came from England; the crime had been concocted, fomented, subsidised, perhaps, by clubs of refugees, who dishonor the generous hospitality of a free country, by making it the home of a permanent confederacy for assassination.

Then it was very naturally said in France, What! is it then always in England that these attempts upon the life of the Emperor and society are concocted? Is that what we had a right to expect from an alliance so loyally observed during peace, so gloriously cemented by war.

In truth, the attempt of the 14th of January was not the first that emanated from London. Other crimes less terrible, but equally wicked in conception, had the same source. They are all born in the bosom of those revolutionary associations which have their periodical sittings—which have publicly for these six years proclaimed the right to kill the Emperor—which raise murder to a doctrine and a duty—which fanaticise the minds that they have corrupted—which arm the insensate whom they have fanaticised—which send forth assassins with their way-bill, and which thence wait, under the tolerance of English hospitality, for the result of these nefarious machinations.

Is the proof wanted? Here it is, inscribed on the records of Criminal Judicature.

## VII.

On the 29th of June, 1852, the police discover in a house in the Rue de la Reine Blanche, near the Fontainebleau Barrier, a regular factory of infernal machines, destined for a crime which was to be attempted in the month of August. The instigation to this crime came from London. The journey to that capital of one of the contumacious



accused, his communications with the refugees, the correspondence seized, could leave no doubt on that point.

In January, 1853, Kelsch is arrested in Paris, after a warm resistance, as also were Galli and Rossi. Kelsch, whose bad designs the police had known and unmasked, likewise came from London; inquiries proved that he had been sent and salaried by the Central Democratic Committee, of which Ledru Rollin and Mazzini are the heads; transported to Cayenne, he obtained a pardon from the clemency of the Emperor.

Some months afterwards, the ex-Serjeant Boichot arrives in France; the police arrest him, and he is condemned by justice. Like the others, Boichot also came from London.

In 1854, Magen, one of Ledru Rollin's most active agents, invents some shells to explode by a slight shock. Sentenced in Belgium by default, he escapes and takes refuge in London, with his accomplices Sanders and Brunet, among the conspirators of assassination, who welcome him as a brother.

Some time after the condemnation of Magen, the police arrest at Batignolles a man carrying a grenade of the same shape as that invented by Magen; this was Carpeza, a member of a society called *La Fraternelle Universelle*, composed of the remnants of the society organized by Ch. Delecluze, the emissary of Ledru Rollin. Carpeza had before been condemned for affiliation with Secret Societies. Condemned again, on the 4th of August, 1855, he is transported to Cayenne, whence he manages to escape.

Even before the trial of Magen and his confederates was over, accident discovered on the Northern Railway, an infernal machine constructed on the same principle as the bombs, and intended to explode under the Imperial train. Judicial investigation established most completely the guilt of Deron, Louis (of Lille), Vandome, the brothers Jacquin (of Brussels), D'Henins, and Desquiens. The first four were condemned by default to death; Deron, the principal instigator of the plot, fled to London, where he lived in great intimacy with Ledru Rollin, one of whose most constant companions he has since become.

On the 20th of April, 1854, Pianori fires two pistol shots at the Emperor, almost close to His Majesty. He arrived from London,

and it is Mazzini who paid him the wages of crime. But this is not all: the Democratic Societies in that capital caused a medal to be struck, commemorative of Pianori's act of courage; a meeting was held on the 22nd of September, where speakers, amidst the plaudits of the audience, justified the attempt in the Champs Elysées, and deplored the death of Pianori as that of a martyr.

A little later, Tibaldi, Grilli, and Bortolotti are arrested before putting their design into execution; these wretches were but the slavish tools of implacable perversities. Again it is from London that this fresh attempt proceeded, from among the refugees whom justice has pronounced guilty, branded, condemned, without the power to strike or reach them.

Lastly, the 14th of January, 1858, four Italians threw bombs under the carriage of the Emperor, miraculously saved with the Empress. These bombs kill ten persons, and wound one hundred and fifty-six. The new assassins came from London. The terrible projectiles which, missing their aim, hit so many victims, and turn the scene of murder into a frightful carnage, were manufactured in England. Two Englishmen, Allsop and Hodge, figure in this conspiracy, together with a Frenchman, Bernard, a refugee in London.

To these repeated attempts must be added the exhortations which are incessantly provoking them. The revolutionary associations, composed of refugees, join theory to practice. These associations possess an indefatigable activity; sometimes divided by personal antagonisms, they are always in accord to encourage and glorify criminal attempts. They have their meetings; they make speeches, publish and circulate their writings. Something of them is continually penetrating into France, either in little pamphlets, which escape the utmost vigilance, or in foreign newspapers. Then, for a few madmen who admire such sanguinary follies, there is an immense majority of honest people whose interests are alarmed, whose minds are excited, and who begin to ask, with mixed surprise and anxiety, how such infamies can be suffered to be openly and publicly avowed and circulated in a civilized country.

To account for these impressions, one must know to what extent the violence and insanity of these Revolutionary Addresses can go.

Here is a fact of the month of November, 1857; we shall see that direct exhortations preluded to the bombs of the 14th of January.

There is in London, close to Temple Bar, a Coffee-house, where every day is announced the subject for discussion in the evening. The public are invited to join in the Debate. This Coffee-house is called *The Discussion Forum*, where eating, drinking and political discussion are combined. A man is paid by the proprietor to preside and direct the debate. In the month of November, the following order of the day was publicly posted: "Is Regicide lawful, under certain circumstances?" The question was then openly debated.

This is, moreover, not a transitory and isolated fact; and that which took place since, and that which takes place every day, aggravates it still more. On the 9th of February last, the French Club, whose members meet in Wyld's Reading Room, Leicester Square, had a sitting, at which Simon Bernard, the accomplice of Orsini, made a speech, and expressed himself with the greatest violence. He declared that the Emperor, the Ministers, M. de Persigny, and all the high French Functionaries were out of the law, and he invited his hearers to rush upon them by all the means in their power. This speech, in which the ignoble competed with the horrible, was hailed with frantic approbation. In fine, some days ago, on the 24th of February last, Felix Pyat published, under the title "*Lettre au Parlement et à la Presse*," the veritable manifesto of Assassination, worthy corollary of all these provocations.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty pamphlets have been published, chiefly in London, since 1852. We could here give quotations to prove that for these six years the apology of assassination has been incessant, almost daily. We will limit ourselves to a few lines from a publication in 1857, by Felix Pyat, which will suffice to make good our assertion:

"In spite of all your precautions, in spite of your Chinese walls, your lines of customs, your sanitary belts, we pass, we penetrate, we reach, in the cottage, the hands, the eyes, the heart of the mechanic and the peasant, and the people read us, notwithstanding all \* \* \* From Bordeaux to Lille, from Angers to Lyons, extend the *silos* of *The Marianne*, its mines, its saps, and trains of powder which the slightest spark may explode \* \* \* There is your alarm! \* \*

\* You know that our address to *La Marianne* was published in London, that it is from London we direct our thunderbolts and cataracts. Yes, the authors of the evil live in England. England is the guilty one, the abettor who shelters us, who prints us." \* \* \* (†)

It is thus they themselves held up England to public mistrust, in return for her asylum. Because she was generous to them, they seek to make her suspected. In this way they themselves led to the movement of opinion which broke out after the attempt of the 14th of January, against a tolerance ill understood, the cause of which was due to chance circumstances, and to the embarrassment of English legislation, and not at all to the intentions of the Queen's Government.

Nearly about the same period, the Author of this abominable pamphlet made a speech at the tomb of a French refugee; and on the brink of the grave, profaning death itself, he dared to make the following appeal to vengeance:

"When will' a heroic hand settle this account of blood? Is it not time to avenge the dead and save the living? When a man raises himself above public justice he deserves to fall under private vengeance!"

More than ten thousand persons hailed these impious thoughts, and the English Press, reproducing them, either to approve or to stigmatise them, carried them to all classes of society. The reprobation they provoked in honest minds easily turned to reproaches against the Government which tolerated them.

#### VIII.

THE attempt of the 14th of January revived these reproaches in the heart of public opinion. On learning whence came the bombs, whence the murderers set out, one recalled to mind what we have just enumerated, the number of previous attempts, their origin, the bond which tied them to the revolutionary affiliations, the incessant appeals to vengeance responded to by murderous explosions. Then without reflecting on the fatal chance which had collected in London the most violent refugees of all countries, and of the consequences of such assemblages in a country so free as England, with institutions so comprehensive as hers, public opinion, vividly impressed by a concatenation of facts which had all the same origin, took umbrage at a toleration which had long dis-

† Universal Printing Press of Zeno Zwietoslawski, 178 High Holborn, London.

quieted it. In its legitimate indignation against those who had incited or perpetrated the crime, it threw upon that tolerance a part of the responsibility, which could not justly be imposed on England any more than on Belgium, Switzerland or Piedmont. Public opinion yielded to an irritation which was but the effect of its devotion and respect for the Emperor. The Sovereign of France could not feel otherwise than grateful; but it is proper to observe that, always consistent with himself on a question in some sense personal, which affected his own existence and that of the Empress, escaped, like himself from death, he never for a moment deviated from the justice which he owed to all, from the calm which was due to himself.

Let us say, nevertheless, that in France there is more indignation than alarm with respect to these organizations of refugees, who, as has been shown, are plotting the life of the Emperor, viewing him as the buckler of social order, and the obstacle to universal anarchy. Though they shock the whole world, they alarm only feeble minds; but they terrify neither society nor Government. It is remarkable that among the plots we have specified, two only have been executed, unsuccessfully, praise be to God! all the rest have been turned aside by the energetic vigilance of the French Police, as active in preventing evil as the revolutionists are ardent for its triumph.

As to the English people, they avow, we know, the same horror that we do, at the evil deeds concocted in their land, to be executed in ours. But, without undervaluing these sentiments, without at all encroaching upon the independence of their institutions, we must look upon these oft-repeated attempts as admonitions, which indicate important duties to all Governments. Thus, after the 14th of January, there was but one voice, throughout France, demanding two things: the first, the removal from our frontiers of assassins judicially condemned; the second, the interdiction of the public apology of assassination by the Press and on the platform. This wish is conveyed in the speeches of the great bodies of the State, in the addresses of the Magistracy, the Municipal Council, and the National Guard. The addresses of the Army were naturally more emphatic. They express with energy peculiarly military, the sentiment of France. A few only might

have hurt the susceptibilities of England. In that respect, Comte Walewski has given explanations, of which the perfect good faith must have effaced and repaired all.

### IX.

IN London they have taken this pretext to awaken the national susceptibilities, and misconstrue the conduct and intentions of the French Government. They have tried to make it be believed that France was requiring England and neighboring countries to renounce the right of asylum, that sacred right which France respects and practises, by affording not only a refuge to more than ten thousand Italians, Spaniards, Germans, and Poles, but also subsidies to a great number of them.

The right of asylum need not, therefore, be defended against us. Far from assailing it, we respect it as one of our national traditions. James II., and his followers, deserted by fortune, found in the hospitality of Louis XIV. a compensation for the country which they had lost. Charles Edward, defeated at Culloden, returned to France; and if, unfortunately, the right of asylum was violated in his person, it was because the weakness of Louis XV. was not proof against the pressing demands of England. Charles Edward, arrested on leaving the Opera, was obliged to flee and hide in Italy, where he died. This was a shameful exception, and serves to mark to what abasement we had fallen; for we must remark that, under all governments, France has opened her gates to foreigners separated from their country by political causes.

It is not the Emperor Napoleon III. who would abjure this tradition of our history, in which are blended the souvenirs of his own destiny. He cannot forget that during his exile he profited by the right of asylum, courageously maintained on his behalf by Switzerland, and loyally observed by England, in the days of his ill-fortune. He has no idea then of infringing on a sacred right, which was his safeguard. The representatives of ancient dynasties reside at our doors, in neighboring countries. The Emperor never had a thought of being alarmed at their presence near our frontiers, or to demand their removal, as was done with regard to himself, in 1833. He respects others' misfortune more than his was respected.

At this time, more than ever, therefore, is the right of asylum sacred to us. France, which would sacrifice it for no one, makes no demand on allied or neighboring powers to renounce it. Only she thinks herself entitled to ask from other states that which she is ready to do for them.

## X.

BUT the right of asylum, which protects the representatives or partisans of fallen causes, must not be confounded with the right of refuge, which shields assassins from responsibility for their crime. In the confusion of two things so distinct, there is not only a violation of morality, but also danger to society.

It may be said that the right of asylum practised in England protects party men, and not the authors or accomplices of assassination. We have already shown whence emanated the conspirators who have attempted the life of the Emperor. We have also shown who were their accomplices, whence issued the incentives to crime, in what country the apology for it was free and public.

If, as Mr. Gibson asserted, the Comte Walewski misled the English people, in directing their good faith and their probity to these public apologies of assassination, which are every day held forth under the toleration of their generous hospitality, we can say nothing. But has the Comte Walewski been mistaken?

We have made quotations enough to establish the facts. We could multiply them, and cite other speeches and writings more horrible still. But we dread, by mingling with such a statement the echoes of the most savage passions, those appeals to murder, those outrages upon all that is most august in the world, to disturb its calmness and impartiality. Is it necessary, moreover, to prove evidence? In London are held meetings where assassination is glorified. In London are sold atrocious libels, in which the murder of the Sovereigns of Europe is based on a system, a right and a duty, and in which thrones, altars, armies, laws, magistracies, society, God himself, are dragged through blood and mire. Such saturnalia surpass barbarism. No legislation, in ancient or modern times, ever tolerated them; and can it be contended that this toleration on the part of England is but an exercise of the

right of asylum? Asylum is due to the vanquished, to all, without exception; it is due even to rebels, who, after assailing their country's law, place the frontiers between themselves and their rebellion; the frontiers are inviolable! But asylum is not due to monsters who belong to no party but the party of assassination.

England cannot so comprehend the application of the noble right of asylum. Under this principle of humanity she cannot shelter crimes that are inhuman. Her conscience has already revolted against such an interpretation which her history also disavows.

It is not the first time that the right of asylum has been abused in London, and that it has been attempted to make it the home of provocatives to crime. In other and not distant times, odious pamphlets have been published in England under cover of her hospitality, against the chiefs of foreign Governments. Yet, let us say that those pamphlets, though very violent, would be esteemed moderate in comparison with those of the present day. Those publications were nevertheless prosecuted and condemned by justice. The details of those proceedings possess at this moment a real interest, which has caused us to look them up in the records of English Judicature. They will certainly be read with advantage on both sides of the channel.\*

## XI.

IN 1802, after the Treaty of Amiens, one Jean Peltier, a French refugee, published in London in the columns of a French journal, called *L'Ambigu, ou Varietes Atroces et Amusantes*, infamous libels upon the First Consul of the French Republic, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The English Government was moved at these publications against the Chief of a friendly Government, and prosecuted Jean Peltier for having, in the language of the indictment, "caused to be printed and published an infamous libel, with intent to provoke the hatred and contempt of the French people against the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, and to excite to the assassination of his person."

The trial took place on the 21st of July, 1803, in the Court of King's Bench, before the Right Honorable Lord Ellenborough.

\* *The Trial of John Peltier*, 21st Feb. 1803. London: printed by Cox, Son, & Baylis, 78, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.



The accusation was supported with the greatest energy by the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Government of His Britannic Majesty, in an eloquent address, the peroration of which was as follows :—

\* \* \* "Gentlemen,—I shall not trouble you with many further observations on the subject. I stated to you, at first, what I conceived to be the object and tendency of this work ; and now let me put it to you, whether you do not think, with me, this is a crime in this country ? Whether the exhortation to assassination, in time of peace, is not a very high offence ? If it were in time of war, I should have no difficulty in stating, that there is something so contrary to every thing that belongs to the character of an Englishman ; there is something so immoral in the idea of assassination, that the exhortation to assassinate this, or any other chief magistrate, would be a crime against the honorable feelings of the English law. What effect, then, must it have, when, instead of being at war, we are at peace with that Sovereign. Do not let any idle declamation on that denomination impose upon your minds. Whether the present libel was directed against a Monarch sitting on his throne from long hereditary descent, or whether he is a person raised to this power by the Revolution, from the choice of that country, or from any other cause, it makes no difference. He is *de facto* the chief magistrate, and is to be respected by those who are the subjects of that country, who owe a temporary allegiance to him. He is to be respected as if his ancestors had enjoyed the same power for a number of generations. Perhaps I may hear of publications in the *Moniteur* reflecting on our Government. What have we to do with that ? I am standing here for the honor of the English law, and of the English nation. I state this to be a crime, and as such have brought it before an English jury. And if any other country think they can prosper by such publications as this, let them have the benefit of it, but do not let us have the disgrace."

Nor did they have the disgrace. Yet the First Consul was, as said the Attorney-General, only the Chief Magistrate of his country. Glory, national will, religion, had not then crowned him Emperor. His dynasty had not passed, as now, into the law of Europe. It was not concerned in all the interests, all the conditions of her existence, and of civilization. It had no ancestry ; it had nothing but the future before it. Half a century was needed for history to stretch its powerful ægis, and impart to that dynasty, all of a sudden, the consecration of time and of misfortune. But the First Consul was defended by English law against libellers, just as if he had been the inheritor of a throne, when he was even not an ancestor. Lord Ellen-

borough was no less explicit than the Attorney-General. His words may be usefully referred to. They sound like an appeal to justice against the libellers of 1858.

\* \* \* "Gentlemen,—Upon the whole matter, on the best consideration I have been able to give these different publications, it appears to me, the direct and indirect aim and tendency of them (notwithstanding the very ingenious gloss and color, by eloquence unparalleled, by which they were defended) was to degrade and vilify, to render odious and contemptible the person of the First Consul, in the estimation of the people of this country and of France, especially in the estimation of the people of France, and likewise to excite to his assassination and destruction. That appearing to be the immediate and direct tendency of these publications, I cannot, in the correct discharge of my duty, do otherwise than state that these publications, having such a tendency, in respect of a foreign magistrate, and being published within this country, and the consequence of such publications having a direct tendency to interrupt and destroy the peace and amity between the two countries, are in point of law, libels ; and, in the correct discharge of your duty, I am sure no memory of past, or expectation of future injury, will warp you from the strength and even course of justice. But your verdict will mark with reprobation all projects of assassination and murder. Consider, likewise, how dangerous projects of this sort may be, if not discountenanced and discouraged in this country : they may be retaliated on the head of all those whose safety is most dear to us.

"Gentlemen,—I trust your verdict will strengthen the relations by which the interests of this country are connected with those of France, and that it will illustrate and justify in every quarter of the world the conviction that has been long and universally entertained of the unsullied purity of British judicature, and of the impartiality by which their decisions are uniformly governed.

"Gentlemen, the matter is with you, and you will give that verdict which your own conscience sanctions."

The jury, without retiring from the bar, immediately returned a verdict of Guilty.

In this way did Old England, on the eve and dawn of an implacable war, repress and punish outrages against the First Consul, whose glory, nevertheless, she did not love. Though the Peace of Amiens had just been signed, its breach was so near, that this justice was less that of an Ally than of an enemy. But that enemy was a great nation, who knew how to elevate their conscience above their pride, their honor above their resentments or jealousies. For six years England appeared to have forgotten the traditions and examples

which we have been delighted to trace in her history. She has, however, recalled them to mind. Lord Derby was not less explicit in his first speech, as head of the New Cabinet, than was Lord Palmerston in his last speech, as Minister of the Crown. Lord Clarendon, on his part, has admitted the perfect truth of all the facts stated by Comte Walewski, in his despatch of the 20th of January. There is thus nothing left to prove. Everything has been ascertained and admitted by the eminent Statesmen of the present Ministry as by the Honorable Members of the late one. We are sure, then, that amidst all their divisions they will agree to give to the alliance, of which they admit the grandeur and advantages, all the guarantees necessary for the dignity and interest of the French people.

The precedents which we have recorded have moreover a great importance. They will not perhaps be without interest to the Queen's Ministers. They prove that the Legislation of England, her policy, her history, pronounce as much as the general principles of public law of all nations, against the unworthy abuse of her hospitality. They completely justify the appeal which the French Government has felt bound to address to a powerful Ally in the entire interest of social order. The sole object of such appeal was to impress upon allied or neighboring states the necessity of certain guarantees for the protection of civilization against foes, who, in order to attain their object, proclaim, organise, and practise assassination, and whose plots are not struggles, but murders.

We need not insist further. It is enough to justify the profound emotion of the public opinion. In the face of such an array of facts as we have rapidly sketched, in the face of a prolonged toleration, which has been so audaciously abused, France refused to believe that the existing laws of England were sufficiently efficacious. She became uneasy and irritated. As for the Government of the Emperor, it limits itself to point out the

situation of affairs, and trace the causes of the irritation that existed in the country, confiding for the rest in the loyalty of the English Government to satisfy the requirements of justice, morality, social interest, and the law of nations.

## XII.

WE have explained our conduct towards England; we have shown what the Emperor Napoleon III. has been to her. We may boldly say that England has never had an Ally more loyal, more persevering, more free from little passions and rancor. This justice was lately rendered to him in Parliament, as it will be awarded to him by history, and we accept this homage to France and its Sovereign as an honor. Therefore we have confidence that the English people will not be misled by attacks as difficult to explain as impossible to excuse, and that their good sense, their patriotism, rising above false interpretations, the alliance between the two countries, will withstand the shock of recent events.

We entertain the firm hope of it; for it is impossible that any misunderstandings, exaggerated by an unforeseen incident, can have the effect of weakening the union of the two great people, whose alliance is so indispensable to the future of the civilized world. This alliance removes, in fact, all thoughts of conquest; it guarantees the security and liberty of Europe, the interests of England and France being identical on all points of the globe, when humanity and civilization are in question.

For that reason it was wise to form the alliance, and for general interests it is useful to maintain it.

After this *exposé*, the opinion of Europe will decide whether France has understood this obligation, whether she has fulfilled it, and whether she has not an indisputable right to declare herself, without reproach, and therefore without fear, at the bar of public conscience.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

THE ERICKSONS.—A TALE.

I.

I NEVER had a home like other children when I was a child. I was early left without father or mother, and almost without kith or kin. I was left poor, too, without enough, baby as I was, even to keep me from being a burden on those who were forced to take the charge of me. I was in the world simply and solely a little, desolate, useless child.

The home, such as it was, that fell to my lot, was in the house of an aunt of my father's, an old lady who took me to live with her from a feeling rather of duty than of love, and into whose formal household my childish advent made, I am afraid, no very welcome inroad. Yet my aunt was kind to me, if she was cold; and I, who had never known a more genial home, was content with the one that had fallen to my share. We led a peaceful, quiet life. There was no poetry in it, but we did without that; there was little beauty in it, too, but we do not feel the want of what we have never known. I was housed, and fed, and clad; and if the world that during those years hedged me in was a very narrow one, I did not feel its narrowness, for I had never seen what lay beyond its limits.

This existence endured for me until I was eighteen; then my grandaunt died. I recollect that parting vividly still, as the first sorrow and the first glimpse of the hidden things outside our daily life that I had ever had.

My aunt had left me all she was possessed of, and after her death, I lived alone for a few months. At the end of that time I was surprised one day by a letter from my godmother, Mrs. Erickson, which asked if I would come and live with her. Mrs. Erickson had been a cousin of my mother's. Long ago, when I had been a little child, she had shown me some kindnesses that I had not forgotten. Her proposal was pleasant to me, and I accepted it. I set my house in order and obtained a tenant for it; then, one autumn day, when the sun shone bright on harvest fields, I bade farewell to the village where I had lived, and set forth upon my journey to my new home.

That journey's end brought me to a quaint old town, dark with long narrow streets, whose stones time had impressed with his seal of solemn coloring, whose gloomy dimness only here and there stole into sudden light at some unlooked-for opening, where the sun shone upon the grass growing around the pavement of an untrod square, or glinted on a bend of the bright silent river, or lingered lovingly upon the tall, grey, half-decaying towers of some old time-eaten church. I saw it linger so for the first time on that autumn evening, and the light, new to me at that time, quickly grew familiar, for in the opening before one such old church my godmother had her house, and summer and winter, between her windows and the rivulet, there stood an eternal screen of blackening stone—a mouldering pile, all rich with antique devices upon wall and capital and archivault, and deli-

cate traceried windows, through whose narrow lights there came to us all that we ever saw of the gold and crimson of the western sky.

It was a change from the village and the house that I had left! There all had been flat, clear, open as a sea; neither brick nor stone obscured our view—neither tree nor tower darkened us; undulating fields and hedge-rows there shut out no prospect; all was bright and sunny there, from zenith to horizon. This new confinement, at its first sight, was strange and painful to me. I recollect on the night I came that I stood by one of those west windows and drew my travelling cloak around me with an involuntary shiver. The sun had set, and the sky above was grey, and the black decaying walls, in that cold twilight, looked strangely sorrowful—stem, too, and pitiless—a black cold shadow, whose beauty I could not see, and whose solemn age—grim mouldering memorial of the vanished centuries—only chilled me.

I had not seen my godmother for eleven years. When we last met she was an active, bright-looking woman, of five-and-thirty. When she greeted me at her threshold now, I did not recognize her; she had grown faded, and pale, and old.

"I was stronger and younger when I saw you last, Ruth," she said gently, when I spoke of the change in her: but there was a real and anxious look in her face that I thought must be set there by other causes than advancing years or failing strength.

"And my cousin, Noel?"

He was her only son—a man ten years or so older than I was. I had seen him once—those eleven years ago—and had one day been carried in his strong arms through a hazel copse, when a long wandering amidst the fallen autumn leaves had wet my feet—a small kindness that I had remembered faithfully.

She answered, "You will scarcely remember Noel;" and I presently found that she said right. As we sat together a little while after, talking by the fire, a man entered the room, and coming up to me, put out his hand with a single cold phrase of welcome. I looked up into his face as I answered his salute, and with that look, something that had been a kind of hope in me, sank down with a quick short pang. No—I had no recognition for this Noel Erickson. That cold repellent face was all strange to me. It was a small thing to speak of—a slight disappointment—and yet out of my child's prose life, it was something to lose the sunshine of one pleasant memory.

We fell calmly, and at once, into a quiet, regular life. I had little education and few tastes. I had been accustomed to spend hours every day, passively laying stitch to stitch upon some long monotonous work. I set a square yard of canvas now in a frame, and with my pattern and my colored wools, I quickly set to work. The thing, when finished, I said, should be a cushion for my godmother. At which she thanked me, and took up some humbler work herself. They were not rich, and she had other sewing to do than to make cushions.

We passed our days alone, for Noel Erickson,

though he did not often leave the house, had his own work, and his own room to work in. He was an artist, and he labored in his studio early and late. What came of his laboring I did not often see. Sometimes his mother took me to his work-room, and made me look at some completed drawing—during these first months they were generally slight water-color sketches—before it left the house; but these were all I saw, and, amongst them, few impressed me much. I used to tell Mrs. Erickson (for it was necessary when I looked at them to say something) that I was no judge of painting; and that was true; but it was also true that in my heart I did not like my cousin Noel's pictures. Even in his slightest drawings there was at all times something feverish and restless. They might have power in them—I did not know—but they had no repose. I say I did not like nor understand them; neither did I like nor understand him. He was a shadow in the house—an unsociable, care-worn, silent man. His presence made gloom in place of sunshine; his aspect chilled me with winter's cold. He was unhappy himself, and he brought discomfort as his companion. I was afraid of him a little; I pitied him much; I liked him not at all.

Yet I did not regret my coming to my godmother's house. If Noel chilled me, his mother did not. I had known so little affection in my life that the quiet love she presently began to bestow on me, stole into my heart like very sunshine. I returned her what she gave to me; and in spite of Noel Erickson, and the gloominess of the ancient town, my new home became very pleasant to me. She said that I made it brighter to her too: perhaps I did: I can still remember the sound of my merry laughter, as through the months of that first winter it used to ring, waking smiles at least to join with it, through the low-roofed rooms of the old house.

## II.

It was an afternoon of early spring. The days were long, and the birds had begun to build their nests under the gables of the old church. There were blossoms too upon the trees, and pale spring flowers in the old garden sheltered by the church wall. I sat by the window sewing and singing. It was a pleasant season to me—this bright spring time. I was not thoughtful—perhaps I understood only one fraction of its meaning and its loveliness; but it had spoken to me all my life of youth and hope, and I was young and hopeful. The sun shone warm upon the old church towers; far away there was a sound of joy-bells; I stopped my singing at times to listen to them—it was a right, glad sound for this spring day.

"Ruth, will you come? it is ready," Mrs. Erickson said.

I turned quickly from the outer sunshine with a momentary feeling of compunction: something was happening in the house to-day, and I had forgotten it. My godmother thought it a great thing; it was not great to me, it was only this—that Noel had completed the picture that had been his chief winter's work, and it was to be sent to London to-day.

I had never seen it yet. I rose at Mrs. Erickson's invitation, and followed her up stairs. She was excited and glad, and her pale face was even brightened by a flush of color. I was not glad, nor almost even curious; an entrance into my cousin's studio had long ceased to be looked upon by me as even a possible pleasure.

He was in the room when we came in, but not at his easel. The space about that was vacant, and upon it stood his framed picture. We went up together and stood before it.

It was a large picture, divided into two compartments, both representing the same scene—a sea-shore, girt to the right by a line of rocks—but in one the water was lying calmly under an azure sky, and the spars of the rocks glittered in sunshine; in the other the sea was lashed into high crests of foam, and one red cleft in the heavy thunderclouds illumined the whole canvas with a lurid light.

I looked at both pictures, but I turned from the second quickly. The warm, soft sunshine, the calm, blue water—these things I liked; that picture had rest and beauty and quiet light in it; I liked it as I had liked no other creation I had ever seen of Noel's. I was glad to be able to speak what I felt: I exclaimed heartily—

"This is beautiful."

"Which is beautiful, Ruth?" Noel suddenly asked.

I looked at him as he came towards us; there was a slight contemptuous scorn in his face that for a moment irritated me. I knew the answer that he expected, and I gave it to him half defiantly.

"The first!"

"You do not like the other, then?"

"I am no judge of pictures."

"Perhaps not. But you think—what?"

There was an ungentle smile upon his lips; another look would have made me humble, but that angered me.

"I think," I answered quickly, "that pictures were meant to make us happy when we look at them—and that one does not."

"But pictures cannot only be painted when men are happy, Ruth," my godmother said; "and if they are unhappy their pictures will show signs of their sorrow."

"Why need they?" I answered boldly.

"If they feel sorrow can they not learn to repress it? Can they not struggle against, instead of giving way to it, and brooding over it, and nursing it as if it was some precious thing—as Noel does?"

It was a sudden impulse that had made me speak. The thoughts had come impatiently into my mind many a time before, but never before had I given utterance to them. I spoke them hotly now, confident in my wisdom and common sense. When I ceased, my cousin met me with this answer:

"Who told you, Ruth," he calmly demanded, "that sorrow was not a precious thing? How do you know how much strength lies in it—how weak many a heart and hand might be if it was cast away? My cousin, you are young, and you judge all people by yourself, and would have all the world such as you are.



Take my advice, and in future condemn only what you understand, lest you chance to condemn some things that are immeasurably above you."

He waited for no answer when he had spoken. In a few moments after he was again engaged at the occupation he had left, and I was silently on my way down stairs.

I went back alone to the room, and the seat that I had left. My cheek was hot—but I took up my sewing again, and worked. It was drawing towards evening then: I worked till the sun set. I was still alone, and only when twilight began to come did I lay my work aside.

It was very quiet. The evening brightness was stealing softly through the narrow lights of the accustomed windows, and the church was growing dark against the sky. I began to think how it stood there, night by night, strong, like an eternal shadow. Was it built perhaps in the strength of sorrow?

I had heard tales of persecutions suffered in this city long ago. With a strange interest I sat and pondered upon the men who might have reared those blackened stones—upon the hands that might have cut those old devices. They were all solemn and stern—they were not joyous. There was no luxury in them of waving leaves—there were no birds fluttering amidst twisted branches. There was neither joy nor laughter in the sculptured forms that, from the grisly heads and outstretched griffin claws down to the solemn angels leaning towards the doors, stood in their broken might and their stern silence.

The yellow light was fading back behind the starry trefoils of the windows, and God's stars were coming out in heaven. But these were familiar mysteries; I did not think of them to-night. With an earnestness I scarcely understood, I sat till it was dark, thinking of the mysteries of the dead hearts of them who once, with living hands and living thoughts cut out the starry traceries upon those windows.

### III.

NOEL's picture went. When the excitement attendant on its completion and despatch were over, my god-mother's brief look of gladness vanished. After a week or two she began to get more than ever pale and anxious.

"They may reject it, Ruth," she said to me one day. "They reject many pictures."

I had not known that; to me till now that unknown "Academy" whither it was gone had been a boundless repertory; receiving this new idea I drew towards my godmother with a strange sympathy. Of late I had begun dimly to guess what Noel's success or Noel's failure were to her. From that day forward we looked and waited for news together. It was hard for her, I think, but in her anxiety she had no other companionship than mine.

After three weeks the decision came. It came in a letter which had to lie with us a whole afternoon unopened, for when it arrived Noel was from home. It was evening—almost night—when he returned. As he came in, he took it from his mother's hand, and carried it,

standing with his back to us, to the window; elsewhere in the room there was no light to read it. There he opened it, and having read it, stood utterly silent.

She had not sat down. After a few moments she went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned round at the touch and looked at her; they each looked at the other; she never asked to see the letter. He only said—

"We cannot help it, mother."

Then she tried to answer him, and broke down. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. But he said no more to her: he left the room without another word.

She had sunk down into a seat beside the window; after a little I went up close to her. I had nothing to say, but I knelt down at her feet, and took her hand and put it to my lips. In the darkness she cried a little; we both cried. I was sorry from the bottom of my heart.

For many days after this night throughout the house there was an undefined anxiety and restlessness. My godmother had been deeply grieved, but Noel was unhappy with a bitter sorrow to which her's bore no parallel. He never spoke of his disappointment; it would have been better if he had; but he brooded over it until he wore his strength away. Slowly, but surely, he became bodily ill; he grew so gaunt and thin, that with his flushed hollow cheek and burning eyes, he used to make my heart sad to see him. It was in vain that my poor godmother would urge him to take rest; I do not think he could help it—he could not rest. He worked until he could work no more. One night when Mrs. Erickson and I were sitting alone together, in the silence there came a sound above us—the powerless fall of something on the ground. It was Noel who had fainted at his work. They raised him up and conveyed him to his bed; and he did not rise from it.

### IV.

I DID not know it then, but I have learnt since, that there are strange turning points in life. We do not walk for ever upon one straight road forward. Sometimes when we suspect its coming least, our even course is cut across by a new path, and we turn sharp aside, to the right hand or to the left, into light or darkness. When it was past, I knew that Noel's illness had opened such a path to me.

Swiftly, at once, we entered into the very presence of the Shadow of Death. Even now, as I look back, there is something in the remembrance of those first days when Noel was struck down that I still shrink from and shiver at. It was not ordinary pain—it was not like ordinary fear; it was as if the house had been swiftly struck with darkness. The various incidents and interests of our daily life ceased utterly before it. Suddenly, imperiously, in one single day, all thoughts, and hopes, and fears seemed set for me within the walls of that room I never entered, and upon the aspect of that face that I never saw.

For nine days and nights he was "sick unto death." Only when our hope had sunk to its

last ebb, and our fear had grown to be as a great shadow—"a thick darkness that could be felt"—did the light at last come back to us. One night I had been wandering about the house the whole night through, listening, hourly, to catch the first sound of the cry that should tell me that the end had come. Hour followed hour till dawn, and it was not uttered. When it was morning I went to the passage beside his room. The door was open. As I stood, I saw the curtained bed within; I saw my godmother, too, sitting by its side. I had been waiting, knowing nothing, all the night; I could not go away. I stood in the doorway till she raised her head and saw me, and beckoned to me to come.

He was lying sleeping. Perhaps it was exhaustion, and not repose; but the *struggle*, at least, had ceased. The brow was unknit, the lips were still; if it was nothing more, the thing that had come was, at least, peace. But it was more. I crept away again noiselessly as I had entered, and I did not see his face again; but during that restless night that had departed, the crisis had come, and God had spared him. Looking back now, I can still feel the rolling back through the succeeding days of that great fear—the lifting up, one by one of the folds of that dark curtain.

When I next saw him it was on an early summer afternoon, and he had come, for the first time, into our common sitting-room, and was lying near that west window where I had grown accustomed to sit. I had not spoken one word to him since that April evening when he had fallen ill.

I went up to his couch, and put out my hand to him.

"Cousin Noel, I am glad to see you here."

"I am glad, too," he answered, cheerfully.

"I thank you, Ruth!"

As I stood by him he looked so worn and wan, so changed and helpless. I had meant to say something more to him, and on the sudden I found I could not. Something rose in my throat and choked my voice. Strangely affected I went away from him, and sat down alone. I was half glad; I was half crying. I could not have thought once—even a few weeks ago—that any word or look of Noel Erickson's could ever have moved me so.

I sat all through that afternoon busily bending over my work. Noel had to be kept quiet, and neither he nor my godmother spoke much. Once she read to him for a little while; it was from a book whose name I did not know, which spoke of things that I had never thought of, and pierced into places where I could not follow; yet its fervor and its passionate words caught my ear, and sometimes my heart, strangely.

When the sun had set she ceased to read, and we were all idle. I remember it was a breathless warm-hued evening, and the church windows showed crimson stars of light. I remember, too, that within the church, for a long time, the organ was playing. We were all very quiet. Noel lay looking from us to the open window, and from where I sat I could see his face, and I looked on that.

I looked with a vague, half-pained, half-joyous wonder; it seemed to me as if I was only learning that face for the first time to-night. He had never been beautiful in my eyes before. To-night I sat and traced each sharpened feature and each clear-cut line, till a slow, glad conviction came upon me like the birth of a new sense.

He stayed with us until it was almost dark, when at last he rose to go, leaning on his mother's arm. He called to me to bid me good night. I went to him, and offered him my hand, saying something—I forget what—some hope, perhaps, that he was not tired; to which he made me no reply; but a moment after he gave me something better than an answer.

"Little Ruth," he said, as he held my hand, "I know you have been very kind all through this time; God bless you for your goodness to my mother."

I was left alone a minute afterwards, and I sat down in my place again, and the hands I pressed against my face were wetted by two great tears.

From this time forward I saw Noel Erickson every day; he was far too weak yet to go into his studio, or even to be able to occupy himself for more than a small portion of each day. Whilst this forced idleness lasted, therefore, he remained with us, and sat with us in our common sitting-room. Once such long companionship would have been irksome to me: it was not irksome now. It was not *irksome*, do I say? God help me. Day after day I was learning to know that to be in Noel's presence, to hear the sound of Noel's voice, to do even the slightest things that a child might have done to serve him, were becoming the very breath of life to me.

There was one service that he needed, which it presently became my right—eagerly taken possession of—jealously guarded—to perform for him. While his sight was weak my godmother used to read to him. One day she went for a few hours from home and he was left with me. He was reading to himself when she went away, after a time the leaves of his book ceased to be turned. I looked to him, and found him leaning back with his hand upon his eyes.

Once, even though I had been afraid of him, I would, at that sight, have asked to be allowed to read to him. I feared him less now; and yet I could not go. But the yearning to go rose in me—my heart beat fast—my hand shook so, that I could not work.

He took the book again, and again his sight failed him. This time, when he ceased to read, he closed the volume, and put it from him. Coward as I was, I rose from my seat then and went to him—the longing that was in me grown stronger at last than the fear of rejection.

"Noel, will you let me read to you?"

I asked, fearing to be denied; I expected, at least, hesitation, before he would accept me; instead of hesitation or denial there came only this simple answer.

"Thank you, Ruth," and he gave the book into my hands.

I took it, and I read to him. I read for an

hour, sitting near him—low, near his feet—with no living creature between him and me.

Reader, I was happy; and the happiness of that hour made me bold. When I gave him back the book, I said that it made me glad to be allowed to read to him.

He looked at me as I spoke.

"Does it, Ruth?"

"Noel, I have never been able to do anything for you before."

"I did not know that you cared to do anything."

"No; but I *do* care."

My voice was very low; had I been less near to him I do not think he would have heard it. As it was, he did hear, for he answered me.

"You may be my reader from this time, if you will, Ruth."

"May I? oh, I shall be glad!"

I felt the color flush into my face, with joy. He said no more; but I went away to my place contented. I took possession of my office from that hour.

No day passed after this on which I did not read to him. I wakened every morning knowing that the hours had, at least, in store for me this one sure joy. I waited patiently through all the intervening time, assured that this one hour would come.

I read a book to him full of strange and wonderful things. To me, at least, it seemed all wonderful, for I was a very child in the great world of learning. I had grown up like one within four prison walls, thinking that those prison walls were the earth's limits, and till now I never knew that, beyond those straitened boundaries, and free to the whole of God's creation, lay treasure in heaps not to be counted, of glorious and unimagined things. I woke to this new knowledge now as one arises out of sleep. I read, and new thoughts dawned upon me with a strange delight, and pain, and wonder. I read with all the ignorance of a child, and all its faith: I read till a new influence stole upon me like a veil of light, and all the world seemed dyed of a new color, that changed its grey to crimson, and its darkness to burnished gold.

I read to Noel; but I was his reader, and nothing more. He used to thank me at the close of each day's service, but he never spoke about the book we read. Of what he thought of it; of whether it stirred him as it stirred me; of whether he believed it, I knew nothing. I bore this ignorance at first passively; presently I bore it, growing feverish under it; finally, I rebelled against it. He might be above me high as the sky was above the earth, yet I was not utterly inanimate clay. He might speak one word to me; I was not wood that I could not understand.

When he would not speak, at last I spoke to him. I chose a moment when, one day, I had been reading till my cheek burned with an excitement that took cowardice away. In that moment I raised my head.

"Noel," I cried, "is it true?"

My question startled him; for an instant he was surprised; then:

"You must judge for yourself, Ruth," he said.

But my lips once unclosed, I could speak now.

"How can I judge for myself when I know nothing? And I do not want to judge," I cried passionately; "I want to believe."

"You have what you want there," he said; "you do believe."

"Yes, I believe! but I have no one to tell me if I am right. I am believing like a child, not knowing truth from falsehood."

I was speaking like a child too, passionately and petulantly; and he made me no reply. In the silence that followed, my momentarily excited courage passed away. I had spoken, and what had my speaking gained for me? Deeper than before the color flushed to my cheeks, in humility and pain my eyes filled with hot tears.

I would have returned to the book again, but the words swam before me; I could not go on until my tears went back: I sat looking down upon the page; and as I so sat, Noel's voice came again to me.

"Ruth," he said, gently, "what do you want?"

But my words were gone then; I could only answer—

"Nothing—never mind—nothing now," and I would hurriedly have begun to read, but as I commenced, he interrupted me.

"Ruth," he said, quickly, "I am often blind and selfish, so that I do not see things that I ought to know. But I am not wedded to my faults! I am a taciturn, morose, unlovable man; but I do not *want* to be feared; I do not *want* to be left forever to my own thoughts. Ruth, do not *you* be afraid of me. Tell me again, what you were going to say."

I raised my head, I unclosed my lips; quickened by those words I could speak again. With swift impulsive courage I began: I told him of my ignorance. I told him what I wanted. I asked him to give me help.

What followed was an hour whose happiness words cannot utter. I had become his pupil, he was my master. He led me where my footsteps could follow; when he spoke he changed my darkness into daylight, and my twilight into sunshine. We had been together before, and for me his heart and soul had been like a sealed book; the change was now as the ancient flowing of the water when the rod struck the stony rock.

Once, and once only, there came a pang of pain over my joy—but alas, it came as a flood upon its close. The book I had been reading lay on my knee still; the hour that was past had been as if that book had spoken to me with a living voice. When it was nearly ended, in the gratitude of my heart I told him so.

Alas! that the thought came to me, or that I uttered it. His face changed as I spoke; with a sudden flash it changed to the old likeness it had worn before his illness; the anxious pain, the wearied turmoil, all came back.

"Ruth," he said hurriedly, "I am not like that man. If I could barter my life I would sell the whole of it to be as that man is for one single day. You do not understand me? My

cousin, this is the difference between us : he is clothed with power as a giant is with strength, and—God help me!" he suddenly cried, "I have the arm of a child."

My heart rose up in arms.

"Noel, it is not true."

"It is true, Ruth. I can aspire, and I can struggle, but I cannot conquer. I shall strive to my life's end, and, bound as I am, hours will come again, perhaps, as they have come already, when for a moment I shall have strength like him of old, to break the withs, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire; but for all that the struggle only will be mine, and not the victory. My little cousin, do not look at me so sorrowfully: even though the warfare lasts through life, life itself sometimes is not very long."

Was it true? oh! was it true? I stooped my head, I turned my face from him, and wept one gush of passionate tears. The evening had drawn on, and he could not see me. He sat looking out upon the glowing sky—and he neither knew my sorrow nor my joy.

V.

SOMETIMES in our lives the whole breadth of God's light in heaven seems gathered within the single limits of one little star, and as we gaze on that we see no other thing in heaven or on earth beyond it. So had I gazed, and so had I grown blind.

The summer was over. Noel had regained his strength, and was at work again. Once more the seat was vacant in the west window, and we two women were left alone. Then I awoke, in pain and sorrow. My star was taken from my sight, and, in the light of common day, I saw that Mrs. Erickson was dying.

She was dying! Human help could not save her. The day I knew it she told me all that she herself knew—that it was no new illness that was afflicting her, but the extension of a disease that she had suffered from for years, knowing—my brave godmother!—through the whole of it that it must end by killing her.

It was the close of autumn when the days grew dark, and the chill evenings drew in early, I began a watch that ceased no more till my godmother lay dead.

She told Noel at the beginning of the winter. She lingered all through it. On one of the first days of spring the long, racking, bitter pain was ended, and she died. I was kneeling crying by her bed when she departed, but her last thoughts, her last words, her last look, were none of them for me. Her face was turned where she could look on Noel, and to the final moment before death her eyes clung to his face. They closed at last—and then a cry rang through the room: "Mother!" But she was dead.

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There was spring sunshine in the rooms, and spring life upon the earth; but my heart was like a stone in its cold heaviness. Oh, what should I do; she was dead, and I must go. We had opened the windows, that had been closed until her funeral, and I wandered alone about the solitary house. I could begin no work; I

could take refuge in no occupation: I could think no thought but that she was dead, and I must go away.

I could not speak about my going that day when they laid her in the earth. Even though it was done at morning, and the empty house was open all day long, I could not do it. I stole that one day for my respite. In the evening when we two met together for a little, while we talked of other things, he was very kind to me. God bless him! He never bade me leave him.

But I could not sleep all night. I watched till the night was passed away; and when the morning came I knew the day had dawned that was to seal the sentence of my exile.

It was sealed in the evening when the sun had set, and the shadow of the church was lying dark upon the room. I waited until then, that in the gloom he might not see my face.

I had learnt my lesson all day long, that when the time came I might speak it without trembling. The time *had* come; I laced my fingers close together, and I spoke it.

"Noel, when am I to go?"

He was startled. The twilight was not so deep but I could see that. I saw his sudden glance at me—his quick surprise. I had no answer for a moment; and then he spoke, but not gladly—Oh! God be thanked, not gladly!

"I had forgotten that you had to go, Ruth."

"Had you forgotten?" I spoke sorrowfully, not in bitterness. "Yes, that was natural; you had other things to think of."

He rose from his place and came to where I sat. He stood near to me, and leant his arm upon my chair.

"Ruth, where are you going?"

"Where?" I raised my face to his one moment. "To the place I came from; to the house I left."

"How soon? Not at once?—not this week?"

"It does not matter, this week or next; I will do what you like."

"Then give me one week longer, Ruth,"

"Yes."

And I said no more; we were both silent.

But when some moments had gone past, and while I still sat in my dull hopeless resignation, suddenly I was quickened by his touch. It lay on my bent head; for the first time I had ever felt it; I stooped beneath the pressure of his hand.

"Ruth," he said sadly, "I wish I could say to you remain with me. I am not happy now; and when you go you will take the last ray of sunshine with you from the house. It has been a lighter house from the day you entered it. God bless you, little Ruth!"

His hand was gone from me, as he himself would be all gone within one little week. If he had asked me I would have remained with him to be a servant in his house; and I did not stir nor speak. For his kindness I had no thanks; for his blessing no response; but all my heart was fainting in me, shrinking into death before the shadow of its lowliness.

I went away. It was a bright spring day, and the birds were building their nests under



the shelter of the old church eaves. I had been very quiet all the week, going about slowly, strangely like one in a dream. I was quite still, with even a kind of solemnity in my quietude; for it seemed to me as if all that could be called life in my existence was to end this day.

He was working in his studio. I had not told him the hour I was to go, but when it came I went to him. Once I had thought that I would ask him to let me sit one hour beside him before I went. I had done it once or twice before, but this day I could not. I only went to him when every preparation was completed, and my corded trunks were at the door.

I entered the room then and stood before him.

"I am going, Noel."

He started up at the sight of me, and came to meet me.

"You did not tell me that you were to go so soon," he said. "Why did you not come before?"

"There was no need to disturb you. It did not matter."

"It would not have disturbed me, Ruth."

He took my two hands in his; as he held them he looked at me.

"Ruth are you really going?"

"Yes."

"You are looking pale and ill. Ruth, you are not glad to go."

"Noel, I am not strong. Bid me good bye."

"Not yet; not here, Ruth."

"Yes, here; I saw you first in this house. When I think of you I want you to belong to this house first and last."

He was standing before me. We both became silent; what more was there to say? Alas! I had nothing more. But I raised my face; I looked into his eyes. I should see him no more—I should never see him more, perhaps, on earth.

Then the end came.

"Let me go now."

He held my hands still; and holding them, he stooped and kissed me. Once he prayed—God bless me! Before he loosed my hands, he repeated twice:

"Little Ruth! little Ruth!"

And that was all. No tear had risen to my eyes; they were all hot and dry; but I went away from him, and closed the door, groping my steps as if the night had fallen.

#### VI.

I WAS in my own house, and alone; solitary from day to day, from dawn till night. I was not happy. God had given me my lot, and I struggled hard to be contented with it, but I could not see my way in it. I did not know what to do. If I had had one single creature to live for, I could have been resigned to it; but I was so utterly lonely.

I knew that in some way I must work, or I could not bear it. With a courage, therefore, that was a kind of despair, I set to work. Not to quiet in-door work, reading, studying, educating myself. I could not do these things at

first; my feeble energy needed first to be sustained by something stronger than my own fainting will. I knew that: and so I bound myself to the only work within my reach that did not leave my own will free. There were helpless people and ignorant children in our village: I gave my time to them. Perhaps they did not thank me for it; but they took it, and presently they looked upon it as their right. I served them, and they counted on my service, and their dependence became my wages.

I worked all through the summer: oh! the summer that had been so bright in its last shining on me, and was so bare and desolate now. I worked all through the days, and in the long, still evenings I used to sit alone. I used to sit then, and dream and yearn. It was my day's one-treasured luxury—my light and warmth—my meat and drink after my weary toil. And yet even that bread was bitterness, that water was tears. Daily my yearnings ended in one hopeless cry: Oh, if I could but hear of him! if I could but hear of him! if I could but have hope given me to see him once again!

The summer passed away. When it was gone, I was pale and thin; I was worn and weary. Perhaps I had worked too hard: I do not know; but a fainting feebleness had fallen on me, and I began to think that God was about to take my life. Then my passionate desire grew to wild feverishness to look once more on Noel Erickson's face. The longing wasted me away: I could not rest nor sleep: morning and night the thought was with me that I could not die till I had seen his face again.

I think there must be a time in very many lives, when grief or misfortune have seemed to reach their utmost limits, that suddenly, with out a note of warning, or one sign to tell the coming change, God stays the rushing of the Marah waters, and from darkness there comes light, and for the faithless weakness of the fainting heart comes hope new-born, and strength fresh out from heaven.

It was an autumn morning; and a restless night had left me worn and ill. I could not leave the house. I was so weary (I had often grown forced of late to change day into night) that at last I laid me down in the broad noon sunshine, and tried to sleep. And I did sleep presently: gently and peacefully, the calmest slumber came to me that I had known for weeks.

I do not know how long it lasted. I dreamt a happy dream that I was talking to Noel, standing with him in the half gloom, half sunshine of the old familiar room. I awakened at the gentle sound of something stirring near me. My dream was over: I lifted up my eyes, and saw—

There was some one at my side, sitting beside me, leaning towards me. I looked upon him; I looked into his face; I uttered his name!

I made no movement, and gave no cry: I did not ask him how he came: I asked him nothing. Quite hushed and calm, I only lay with my eyes upon his face, in the deep stillness of unutterable joy.

"Ruth!" he called.

His voice brought back my dream. I had thought there that he spoke to me in that same tone. A smile came to my lips: it was to me as if all pain, and sickness, and sorrow had passed away.

"I thought I was at home: I was dreaming of being in the old room again." I looked up into his face as he stooped over me. "Noel, it was not quite a dream."

"Ruth," he cried, suddenly, "is this all my welcome?"

We were face to face, his eyes looking into mine, mine into his; till, as still water trembles and is stirred before the wind, all my strange stillness was broken before that gaze. No, it was not all! for he knew my secret: he had read my heart: and before his look, and before the close clasp of his hand, I trembled, and I

broke down like a child. I lifted up my empty hands to him:

"I have been so desolate! oh, I have been so desolate!" I cried; and I burst into a passion of tears.

He took me, and laid me in his arms: my helpless passion he hushed upon his heart: over my low, wild weeping he spoke these words:

"Little Ruth," he cried, "come home to me! I came to seek you. I cannot rest without you. My little Ruth, my little Ruth, come back!"

The year was wasted; we were standing on the verge of winter; but in that winter there dawned for me a new glad spring. He took me home. Once more in my joy I saw the old town's solemn streets, and the shadow of the ancient church: once more I stood within the old familiar house: and I was Noel's wife.

**RESUSCITATION OF DROWNED FLIES.**—Mr. Riley may be glad to have an extract on the resuscitation of insects from that excellent and careful writer on the Honey Bee, Dr. Bevan. I quote from the edition of 1838, published by Van Voorst, pp. 224, 225.

After mentioning an instance—possibly that referred to by Mr. Salmon—of flies recovering a journey in Madeira from Virginia to London, he continues:—

"Bees may be immersed in water for a long time, without loss of life. Reaumur saw them recover after 9 hours' immersion. Dr. Evans accidentally left some 18 hours in water: when laded out with a spoon," (q. laded?) "and placed in the sunshine, the majority of them recovered. Other animals, of analogous species, exhibit still more wonderful resurrections. De Geer has observed one species of mite to live for some time in spirit of wine; and Mr. Kirby states, that being desirous of preserving a very pretty lady-bird, and not knowing how to accomplish it, he immersed it in Geneva. 'After leaving it,' says he, 'a day and a night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth, than it began to move, and afterwards flew away.'"

I have myself known wasps recover, and that on a dull day, after they had been sunk for fourteen hours in a pond by large stones placed on the sheet in which the nest was wrapped; indeed on being exposed to the air, the insects seemed hardly stupefied, and began to fly away after a few minutes.—*Notes and Queries.*

**ANECDOTE OF FLAMSTEED.**—Cole, in his collections for an *Athene Cantabrigienses*, gives the following anecdote of Flamsteed the Astronomer Royal. He says:

"In the *London Chronicle* for Dec. 3, 1771, 'the following Anecdote of Dr. Flamsteed:—

"'He was many years Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a Humorist, and of warm Passions. Persons of his Profession are often supposed, by the Common people, to be capable of foretelling Events. In this persuasion a poor Washerwoman at Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large Parcel of Linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his Art, to let her know where her Things were, and who robbed her. The Doctor happened to be in the humor to joke; he bid her stay; he would see what he could do; perhaps he might let her know where she might find them; but who the persons were, he would not undertake; as she could have no positive Proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing Circles, Squares, &c., to amuse her; and after some time told her if she would go into a particular Field, that in such a Part of it, in a dry Ditch, she would find them all tumbled up in a Sheet. The woman went, and found them; came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half-a-crown as a token of Gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her: 'Good Woman, I am heartily glad you have found your Linen; but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a Lecture on the Folly of applying to any person to know Events not in human power to tell. But I see the Devil has a mind that I should deal with him; I am determined I will not. Never come or send any one to me any more, on such Occasions; for I will never attempt such an Affair again whilst I live.'"

Cole adds:

"This story Dr. Flamsteed told the late reverend and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend, from whom I have more than once heard it."—*Notes and Queries.*

## LOOKING EAST :

IN JANUARY, 1858.

"Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me,  
and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight."

LITTLE white clouds, where are you flying  
Over the sky so blue and cold ?  
Fair faint hopes, why are you lying  
Over my heart like a white cloud's fold ?

Little green leaves why are you peeping  
Out of the mould where the snow yet lies ?  
Toying west wind, why are you creeping  
Like a child's breath across my eyes ?

Hope and terror by turns consuming,  
Lover and friend put far from me—  
What should I do with the bright spring's com-  
ing  
Like an angel over the sea ?

Over the cruel sea that parted  
Me from mine—is't for evermore ?  
Out of the woful East, whence darted  
Heaven's full quiver of vengeance sore.

Day teaches day—night whispers morning,  
"Hundreds are weeping their dead, and thou  
Weapest thy living ! Rise, be adorning  
Thy brows, unwidowed, with smiles."—But  
how ?

O had he married me—unto anguish,  
Hardship, sickness, peril, and pain,  
If on my breast his head might languish,  
In lonely jungle or burning plain :

O had we stood on the rampart gory,  
Till he—ere Horror behind us trod—  
Kissed me, and killed me, and with his glory  
My soul went happy and pure to God !

Nay, nay—God pardon me, broken-hearted,  
Living this dreary life in death ;  
Many there are far wider parted  
Who under one roof-tree breathe one breath.

But we *that loved*—whom one word half broken  
Had drawn together close soul to soul,  
As lip to lip—and it was not spoken,  
Nor may be, while the world's ages roll.

I sit me down with the tears all frozen :  
I drink my cup, be it gall or wine :  
I know, if he lives, I am his chosen ;  
I know, if he dies, that he is mine.

If love in its silence be greater, stronger  
Than hundred vows, or sighs, or tears,  
Soul, wait thou on Him a little longer  
Who holdeth the balance of thy years.

Little white clouds, like angels flying,  
Bring the young spring from over the sea :  
Loving or losing, living or dying,  
Heaven, remember—remember me !

—Chambers' Journal.

From The Home Journal.

## THE STORY OF A KING.

*Dedicated to an Emperor.*

BY JAMES NACK.

"WHAT are those people reading ?"  
Said Frederick, half aloud,  
While, standing at the window,  
He saw an eager crowd.

High on a wall adjoining  
A paper had been stuck ;  
The people stood on tip-toe  
To read, with wonder struck.

One of his six-foot guardsmen  
Who heard him, answered, "Sire,  
Your Majesty permitting,  
I hasten to inquire."

Soon, flushed with indignation,  
The guard returned—"I see  
'Tis an atrocious libel  
Upon your Majesty !"

The King took out his snuff-box,  
With more of smile than frown—  
"A libel, my good fellow !  
Well, go, and take it down."

"Yes, Sire !"—"Friend, stop a moment :—  
You'll take it down, indeed ;  
But just to place it lower,  
So all with ease may read."

'Tis done—around the soldier  
Amazed the people stand,  
And question of his doings—  
" 'Tis by the King's command !

He cares not what is written,  
Or said, by friend or foe,  
Content to ask his people,  
Are these things true or no ? "

They spurned away the libel ;  
Its words had lost their weight ;—  
A thunder rolled to heaven—  
"Live Frederick the Great !"

Now, this was not the weakness  
Of a good-natured fool—  
It was the manly wisdom  
Of one that knew to rule.

Thou who to France hast given  
Her former power and glory,  
Complete thy own, by taking  
The moral of my story.

Trust in thyself and people—  
In fines and prisons less—  
To make all libels harmless,  
Give freedom to the Press.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE WILD WHITE MAN.

In the year 1803, the British government, observing the successful progress of the convict settlement at Port Jackson, fitted out an expedition for the formation of a similar establishment on the southern coast of Australia. The great inland bay of Port Phillip had been explored during the previous year by Captain Flinders, in the *Investigator*; and his favorable report of the surrounding country greatly influenced the government in their choice of a locality.

The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Collins. The convicts—367 in number—were all males. Of these, only seventeen received permission for their wives to accompany them; and with the exception of seven little ones, who were too young to be left behind, their children were forbidden to undertake the long and dangerous voyage, which was then regarded with extreme distrust. A detachment of about fifty soldiers, with three lieutenants, formed the military guard; and various civil officers, four surgeons, and a chaplain and seven soldiers' wives, completed the *materiel* of the new settlement.

In these days of breathless enterprise, when our countrymen hurry to and fro over the whole earth, and undertake a voyage to the antipodes, or an expedition to the north pole, with equal coolness, it is interesting to note the gloomy forebodings of these early voyagers to the southern world. The means of so doing are furnished by the diary of the Rev. Robert Knopwood, chaplain to the expedition. "The land behind us," he writes, "is the abode of civilized people; that before us, the residence of savages. When, if ever, we shall enjoy an intercourse with the world, is doubtful and uncertain. We are leaving the civilized world behind us to enter upon a career unknown."

The expedition sailed from Plymouth in the month of April, but it was not until October that the shores of Australia were descried. Collins and his officers chanced to land on a sterile and desolate portion of the coast; and after sundry disappointments, arising from the absence of fresh water, the barrenness of the soil, and other causes, a spot without the Heads—as the rocky barriers at the entrance of Port Phillip are termed—was selected as the site of the intended settlement. A more unfortunate choice could scarcely have been made; it was found impossible to subsist in such a locality; nor were they successful in their endeavors to discover a favorable district. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary powers wherewith he was invested by the government, Colonel

Collins decided on abandoning Port Phillip, and steering across Bass' Strait. He eventually founded the penal colony of Tasmania.

But before this removal occurred, eight of the prisoners absconded. Five of these were subsequently recovered; but the others never returned, and were supposed to have perished of hunger, or to have been slain by the natives.

For thirty-two years, Port Phillip remained unsettled, and, in fact, was supposed to be unfit for the habitation of civilized man. In the interval, however, sundry partial explorations had taken place. Hume and Hovell had penetrated overland to the Geelong country; and the Sydney government had failed in a second attempt at convict colonization. Sturt had discovered the source and embouchure of the Murray River; M'Killop had ventured to Lake Omeo, and gazed upon the eternal snows of the Australian Alps; and Henry had established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. But the honor of practically demonstrating the capabilities of Port Phillip belongs to John Batman. In May, 1835, this gentleman sailed from Launceston, in Tasmania, and landing on the western shores of the bay, at a point named by him Indented Head, he at once observed that the land in that region was excellently adapted for either tillage or pastoral uses. The natives were also very friendly; and having, by the aid of interpreters, been made to comprehend the object of the white man's visit, they cordially welcomed and granted him a large tract of land.

Delighted with the successful result of his enterprise, Batman returned to Tasmania for seeds and implements, leaving six of his men, with three months' supply of provisions, in charge of his newly acquired property. During his temporary absence, a strange event occurred.

The natives were so little alarmed at the presence of the whites as to mix freely with them, and often assisted them by various friendly offices, which were required in kind. One day, however, a savage of fiercer aspect than usual made his appearance. He was very tall, and of monstrous bulk; his matted hair hung wildly about his shoulders, and his features were nearly hidden by the profuse growth of his beard. A loose "rug" or wrapper, made of the skins of the kangaroo, was his sole garment; and in his hand he carried a long and formidable spear, constructed of the close-grained wood of the country, and its point and rows of inverted teeth hardened by the action of fire.

As this uncouth being approached the tents, their inmates perceived with astonishment that his skin was of a tawny hue;



whereas all the natives whom they had yet seen were black. This caused them to surmise that he might possibly be of European origin; and as he stood before them, evidently laboring under strong excitement, and apparently striving to speak, yet uttering no sound, one of them offered him bread, at the same time pronouncing its name. The poor fellow mechanically seized the proffered food, and endeavored to repeat the word. After reiterated efforts, and as many failures, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. His eyes brightened, he cast away his spear, and stretching out his arm, with eager gestures, invited their attention to something marked thereon. On examination, this proved to be two letters, "W. B.," rudely pricked out and stained, sailor-fashion. These they sought to decipher. "W," said they for William. He smiled and nodded. "B" for Burges. He shook his head. Brown, Bruce, Ball—every name commencing with the second letter of the alphabet that they could think of, was tried, with the like result; till at length, as by a mighty effort, their strange visitor burst into speech, and exclaimed, with a genuine English accent: "W. for William, B. for Buckley."

Then they knew that it was one of their own countrymen who stood in that wretched guise before them.

On Batman's return to Port Phillip, he was informed of this discovery, and being a man of kindly disposition and feeling heart, he at once assumed the protection of the white savage. His first care was to shave and clean his *protégé*—a process which appears to have considerably lessened the duskiness of the latter's complexion. The kangaroo skins were dispensed with; and a more civilized costume substituted; but it was long ere he could walk in shoes without much discomfort. His first shirt—sewn by Miss Batman—was of Brobdignagian proportions, consisting of an incredible quantity of linen; and when he was set on horseback to accompany his protector, it was discovered that the stores of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

By slow degrees the reclaimed man recovered the use of his native language, and was enabled to communicate his history and adventures. It must not be supposed, however, that his reminiscences assumed the form of a connected narrative; on the contrary, they were extracted from him, not without difficulty, at various times. To the last, he was sullen and reserved, usually answering in monosyllables; and not unfrequently he manifested great anger on being questioned of his past life. He is also said to have varied considerably in his account of some particulars; but his habitual taciturnity, and

imperfect command of language, probably caused him to be misunderstood by the retailers of his conversation.

His history, divested of the romance wherewith it has sometimes been clothed, is as follows:

William Buckley—for such was indeed his name—was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, in 1780. In early life, he followed the occupation of a stone-mason; but his great height—which is stated at six feet six inches—and stalwart proportions attracting the notice of a recruiting sergeant, he was easily induced to exchange the trowel for the musket, and accordingly enlisted in the 4th regiment. He had served but a short time in his new capacity, when he robbed one of his comrades; for which offence—such was then the severity of our laws—he was sentenced to transportation for life. This occurred in 1803, in the twenty-third year of his age; and it thus happened that he became an unwilling member of Colonel Collins's abortive expedition to Port Phillip. When the order for removal to Tasmania was issued, Buckley, and two others, named respectively Pye and Marmon, feeling doubtful of their ultimate fate, effected their escape from the camp, as previously stated; and the vessels sailing shortly after, nothing more was heard of them.

What became of Pye and Marmon has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Buckley himself always evinced great dislike to being questioned about them, and seemed to regard the inquirer with much suspicion. It appears that the course taken by the fugitives was around the head of the bay; and Mr. Wedge, in his report to the Geographical Society of Tasmania, dated 1835, says that Buckley assured him, that in their flight, Pye became exhausted, and was left behind at the Yarra River; and that Marmon quitted him at Indented Head, with the avowed intention of returning to the camp. But there are many different versions of this affair. Sometimes Buckley averred that they were killed by snakes, and at others that they had lost themselves in the bush, and were never seen by him after. But the Australian wilds furnish no indigenous fruits capable of affording sustenance to man; and it is generally believed that hunger, and the difficulty of procuring food, induced a repast at which humanity shudders. Be this as it may, no vestige of their remains has ever been discovered.

After parting from his companions, Buckley appears to have remained alone some time. One day, however, disgusted alike with his solitary life, and the precariousness of his means of subsistence, he wandered on the beach, anxiously endeavoring to descry

some vessel, which happily might rescue him from his vast prison. His shoes had long since abandoned his feet, which now therefore left their imprint on the soft sand. As he strolled listlessly along, he picked up the fragment of a spear, and with this he waded amongst the rocks in search of shell-fish, now his principal food. Whilst thus engaged, he was observed by three native women, who, creeping stealthily down to the beach, imagined that they beheld in him their lost chief Murragak, whom Buckley appears to have resembled in size and stature. The illusion was increased by the circumstance of his carrying the broken spear of the deceased warrior; and the color of his skin excited but little surprise, being readily ascribed to the potent influence of the grave.\*

The Delilahs of the forest having in a manner, captured this ungainly Samson, brought him, nothing loath, to the men of their tribe, who, in fact, had seen his footprints on the sand, and were already in search of him. He was immediately surrounded by a mob of yelling savages, and doubtlessly imagined that he was destined to be carved into collops for the gratification of his epicurean captors; but again his resemblance to the great chief befriended him. They examined his feet and hands—they eagerly scrutinized the spear, of which he had fortunately retained possession; and when they discovered on his side a scar, similar in appearance to one which had marked the body of Murragak, they deemed the evidence of his identity complete. Buckley, meantime, mistook their very animated gestures for so many tokens of their pleasure at his fleshy condition. A long conversation ensued, during which the name of Murragak was incessantly repeated. It ended, very much to his satisfaction, in their feeding, instead of eating him; and he was given to understand, by signs, that thenceforth he was never to quit his savage entertainers.

Accordingly, although treated with great respect, he was scrupulously watched by day and night. He was never suffered to fatigue himself with the exertions of the chase, nor to perform that infinitesimal amount of labor to which the natives of Australia unwillingly submit. His gunyah was reared for him, and his larder stocked with unwonted extravagance, by his savage friends. The

\* The superstition here alluded to is very prevalent amongst the Australian aborigines, who imagine that the whole of the white population are their deceased brethren. For a supposed restored friend they testify great affection; but it is very unpleasant and not a little dangerous, to be mistaken for a departed enemy.

daintiest morsels of the kangaroo, and the most juicy of opossums, the sweetest portions of the wombat, the whitest grubs of the mimosa, and the largest of gumballs were his. His also the largest eggs and the finest fish—the richest berries and the most delicate roots. The rarest pigments were devoted to his use, and the warmest skins were added to his wardrobe.

Thus, from a state of abject misery and utter loneliness, Buckley was suddenly elevated to a species of savage royalty, and held in reverential awe as the restored Murragak. For some time, the only perceptible fluctuation of public opinion was the occasional outburst of cannibal propensities, when his wild subjects seemed to survey his colossal form with much peculiar admiration.

Buckley's domestic comfort was also duly considered, and a dusky, but buxom young widow was assigned to him, by the general consent of the tribe, as his lubra, or spouse. For a time the pair enjoyed the utmost felicity of which two such strange turtle-doves were capable. But this lasted not long; for, according to Buckley, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when his hut was one night invaded by sundry native gentlemen, who, claiming a prior right, forcibly carried off the bride. Much violence does not appear to have been offered, nor were the husband's feelings greatly lacerated by this stroke of fortune. He acknowledged, indeed, that his lubra went very willingly, and that he did not "make a fuss about the loss." But the natives seem to have taken a widely different view of the affair; for, irritated probably at this practical disparagement of their own judgment, at the lady's faithlessness, and the injury inflicted on their white friend, they speared both the frail one and her lovers.

But if Buckley's first companion was insensible to his charms, there were other hearts more tender and more true. A gentle damsel, of the same tribe, of her own accord visited his solitary home, and sought to soothe and please the forsaken stranger. Nor were her efforts unsuccessful. Buckley, at various periods, had many wives, but he always expressed himself in more favorable terms of his second partner than of any other. On the sea-shore, near Point Lonsdale, is a natural cavern, in the limestone rock, which is said to have been the abode of the wild white man and his mate during this portion of his eventful career.

It has been doubted whether Buckley had any children. By those who knew and conversed with him, this point is diversely stated; some declaring positively that he was childless, but others, and the majority of evidence is on this side, speak of sons and daughters.

When reclaimed, in 1835, he had with him two lubras, and a boy and girl; but he always spoke of these as adopted children.

Many other particulars were at sundry times extracted from him, and have been worked up, by Mr. Morgan of Hobart-town, into a long and interesting narrative. In it are numerous details of native feasts and fights, of huntings and corroborees; but, as might be expected, there is a great paucity of actual events. Occasionally, he seems to have lost a portion of the influence he ordinarily exerted over his black friends. Whether their faith in his involuntary personation of Murragak sometimes became weak, or was overpowered by hunger, we know not; but he averred that for some years he constantly expected death. The young men, he said, were for killing him; but the elders of the tribe always interfered to save his life. He appears to have taken matters very coolly; and if he possessed, he certainly never attempted to exert the magic of civilized intellect, nor sought, by the communication of useful arts, to improve the condition of his savage associates: on the contrary, contented apparently with the gratification of his animal appetites, he willingly sunk to the dead and dreary level of Australian barbarism. Like his untutored friends, he fed on raw or semi-roasted flesh, clothed himself in the skins of beasts, and acquiring the native dialect, ceased even to think in his mother-tongue, until, as we have seen, he had totally forgotten its use. Once or twice, he said, he saw ships enter the bay; but he does not appear to have made the slightest effort to attract the attention of their inmates, nor in any way to extricate himself from the degrading position into which he had fallen, until Batman firmly planted his foot upon the soil.

Such was the poor lost creature whom, after thirty-two years of savage life, the early colonists of Port Phillip restored to civilized society; and, it is proper to add, that his own delight, when he was enabled to comprehend the change, was unbounded. "Nothing," says Mr. Wedge, "could exceed the joy he evinced at once more feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilized society."

However he may have been deficient in other qualities, ingratitude was clearly not one of Buckley's faults. Both Batman and Wedge concur in stating that he exerted himself greatly in maintaining amicable relations between the natives and the colonists.

To the former gentleman—his constant friend and patron—he was much attached; and when informed of his death, it is recorded that "he threw himself on the bed and wept bitterly."

Buckley's subsequent career is soon told. A free pardon was, at his own urgent desire, procured for him from Colonel Arthur, the governor Tasmania; and he was appointed native interpreter, with a salary of £50 per annum. In this capacity, his services were in great request; and when Sir Richard Bourke came down from Sydney to survey the new colony, Buckley was selected to accompany him in his tour through the country. But his position soon became uncomfortable. Serious disputes broke out between the settlers and the native population. The latter committed many robberies, and at length speared two of their white neighbors, whose graves, on the flagstaff Hill, near Melbourne, are still religiously preserved. We have no record of offences on the other side, but, doubtlessly the whites were not blameless. Buckley, who could not forget the kindness of his old friends, refused to interpose between the contending parties, declaring that the hostility of the blacks was solely attributable to the misconduct of the colonists. Fearing, therefore, that he might relapse into barbarism, Batman resolved to send him out of Port Phillip; and accordingly, in 1836, he was induced to embark for Hobart-town, where he resided during the remainder of his life. His figure and strength obtained for him the post of constable, which he held many years. Subsequently, he was employed as assistant-storekeeper at the Immigrant's Home, and, later still, as gate-keeper of the Female Nursery.

In his sixtieth year, Buckley again venturing on matrimony, contracted a union with the widow of an immigrant. In 1850, the Tasmanian government bestowed on him the insignificant pension of £12 per annum; and in the following year, Victoria having been separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony, its legislature voted an additional annuity of £40.

Endowed by nature with an iron constitution, which his wild life no doubt materially assisted to strengthen, Buckley enjoyed vigorous health almost to his latest hour. His death was occasioned by accident. In January 1856, he was thrown from a vehicle, and received such severe injuries in the fall, that in a few days he breathed his last sigh, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

From The Spectator.  
THE QUEENS OF PRUSSIA.\*

THESE Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia have evidently been published with a reference to the marriage of our Princess Royal; though beyond the mere geographical relation there is little of connexion, or, let us hope, of omen. The mother of the first King of Prussia, the wife of the great Elector, was an admirable woman and happy as a wife; but there is not much in the circumstances of any of the *Queens* on which the mind can dwell with hopeful pleasure. Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, the first Queen, though clever and accomplished, was not a woman who greatly excites either regard or respect; and though her husband has been ridiculed for his love of ceremonials and his general weakness of conduct, it does not seem that his wife endeavored to make the best of things. A sort of melancholy religious madness overtook the second wife of Frederick the First, probably influenced by the scandals which from the very outset occurred at court through the pretensions of the King's favorite. To herself, perhaps, the life of Sophia Dorothea, also of Hanover, might not be so bad, for she seems to have been a singularity, and in a certain sense was to the manner born. The well-known eccentricity, brutality, and it would appear madness of her husband Frederick William the First, father of Frederick the Great, would have made most women wretched if it did not drive them crazy. The amiable Queen of Frederick the Great, though receiving the outward respect of a Queen, was not very happy in her conjugal relations. Frederica Louisa, the wife of his nephew Frederick William the Second, must have been the most unhappy of the whole. The king was a low profligate, as unprincipled in private as he was contemptible in public life. Malmesbury has some notices of him; but a scheme with which he signalized his accession suffices to give an idea of the husband, and of the morals of his court. Royal favorites abounded, but at the time of his accession he was attracted by Fräulein Julie Von Voss.

"She was not handsome, neither was she clever; her chief characteristic was a sort of Anglomania, which made her think it 'absurd to be a German,' and gained her the name of 'Miss Bessy' at Court. Her attraction for the King, was—that she received his advances coldly; but she was persuaded by Count Finckenstein, who wished to place her, as a relative of his own, in the influential post now held by Madame de Reitz, that it was her duty to 'sacrifice herself for the country,' if by so doing she could withdraw the King from the society

of the unprincipled persons who now surrounded him. At length, having salved her conscience by the stipulation that the Queen's consent should be gained to a left-handed marriage with the King, Fräulein von Voss consented to listen to his suit, and to become Frederick William's fourth living wife, although he was no Mussulman, and Prussia was not a country where polygamy was recognized by law. \* \* \*

"The unhappy Queen had no choice save to submit; but it was a hard struggle, and it was long before she could bring her mind to it. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, her brother-in-law, was intrusted with the honorable office of negotiator; and it was observed that the King, after having received him with great cordiality, gradually began to treat him with coldness and disfavor; it was supposed, therefore, that he was either an unfaithful or an unsuccessful ambassador. At length, worn out and disgusted beyond endurance, Louisa exclaimed, laughing bitterly, 'Oh, yes! I will give my consent, but it shall be dearly paid for!' She therefore stipulated that the King should pay her debts, which were considerable, amounting to one hundred thousand crowns."

The story of the late Queen Louisa, whose memory is so affectionately cherished in Prussia, is the exception to the rule of royal married life at Berlin. But hers was an unhappy fate in its public troubles and its early close,—attributed, though perhaps with some exaggeration, to Napoleon; unless the anxieties and misfortunes which defeat excite are to be directly charged as a crime upon the victor.

As an artistical series of biographies, this volume is poor enough. Indeed, it cannot properly be called biography at all, the story of the Queens being eked out by history. Nor is the execution remarkable, whether with regard to the selection and critical estimate of the matter or the mode in which it is put together. The more obvious works relating to particular Queens and particular periods have been consulted, and copious extracts made from them, without much consideration as to the authority they may be entitled to, or their novelty: for, what with the biographies of Frederick the Great and memoir-writers like Dr. Doran for the earlier periods, a good deal of the matter is tolerably familiar, or at least accessible. The book, however, is readable, and is not without interest as an olla-podrida of court scandal, gossip, and immorality, and a singular picture of German manners for upwards of a century. There is also, as may be guessed from our curt summary of the Queens, a sort of unity in the whole, though not of the highest or most agreeable kind.

Whether the morality of the German courts was really worse than that of England under Charles the Second, or of France under the Regency of Orleans and Louis the

\* *Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia.* By Emma Willsher Atkinson. Published by Kent and Co.



Fifteenth, may be settled by those who like such investigations. We incline to ascribe the palm to the Germans. At all events, it is quite certain that "vice itself did not loose half its evil by losing all its grossness." Grossness was its predominant feature.

Our fair writer cannot but admit all this; but she seems to ascribe much of the German immorality to French fashions, and to the immigration of French Huguenots into Prussia, consequent upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. That much immorality may coexist with vast religious pretensions we all know; but we doubt whether the Thirty Years War had left a great deal of social evil to be taught by the French Protestants, who sacrificed everything to conscientious conviction. Dirt, poverty, squalor, *may* exist with chastity and other virtues; but, loose as matters may be at Berlin now, we suspect they were worse two centuries ago, when the capital presented this appearance.

"On the accession of Frederick William the great Elector, in 1640, he found his territory devastated by the ravages of hostile troops, and its resources drained by the terrible Thirty Years War; his capital in ruins, the greater part of the houses, which were built of wood, abandoned for the want of inhabitants; the population decreased to between six and seven thousand; the streets unpaved, the bridges out of repair; public buildings there were few or none. The remaining inhabitants gained a livelihood by keeping and fattening cattle; the state of the streets may therefore be more easily imagined than described. Before the door of each house were uncleansed stables, tainting the air with the most intolerable effluvia. Like Paris in the time when the eldest son of Louis le Gros met his death by a pig's running between his horse's legs, the streets swarmed with these and were impassable from the accumulations of filth and refuse caused by them; and even so late as the year 1671, a decree was passed ordaining that every peasant who came to market should on his return carry away with

him a cart-load of these abominations; and the law forbidding the citizens any longer to feed or fatten cattle within the precincts of the town was not passed until ten years later.

"Under the roof of the electoral palace were comprised, not only the mint and the courts of justice, but also the prisons, and even the place of execution, until, in 1648, the Elector expressed his determination no longer to have prisoners within the wall that sheltered himself and his family."

The following picture from the introduction, of the Princess of Orange, the great Elector's first wife, offers a mixture of feminine excellence with Homeric and patriarchal simplicity—could we be assured that it is quite true.

"Leading a life of most saintlike purity and devotion, her piety by no means interfered with her duties either as consort of a great prince or as wife of a much-beloved husband; whilst at the same time her household, to which in all its details she attended personally, was looked upon as an example of justly-blended economy and liberality by all the ladies of the electoral dominions. The account-books of all her household expenses were kept by her with a neatness and skill which would have done credit to a regular accountant. Even the minutiae of the linen-press and the kitchen met with their share of her attention, and sometimes even of her actual presence and direction; whilst the supper which awaited the Elector on his return from his long hunting excursions, was generally, at least in part, prepared by her hands. Although her health was always extremely delicate, she never failed to assemble her household to early prayers, nor to conduct the musical part of the service herself: her charity also was munificent and punctually attended to; yet with all these occupations for her time, she never failed to secure some period in the day for the cultivation of her favorite accomplishment, music, in which she was no mean proficient. She was a poetess also: her poetry was all of a devotional cast; one of the best of her pieces is that beautiful hymn 'Jesus my confidence.'"

**BUFF.**—What is the origin of this term, now usually employed to designate a color? Is that its original or derivative meaning? I suspect the latter, and that the original sense has some connexion with skin; as we say of one in a state of nudity, "he is in buff." And buff coats worn in war, either under or ultimately as substitutes for steel armor, were of prepared skins. Is the famous regiment, the Buffs, so designated from the color of their facings, or from their having worn the buff coat down to a period later than the general use of it in the service?

"Buff," says Minshew, "is so called because it hath some likeness with the buffle," or buffalo.

Buff-skin is a leather prepared from the skin of the buffalo, of which buff is a contraction. The third regiment of foot, formerly designated the Holland regiment, obtained a title from the color of their clothing. The men's coats were lined and faced with buff; they also wore buff waistcoats, buff breeches, and buff stockings, and were emphatically styled "The Buffs." This being the eldest corps thus clothed, they were sometimes styled "The Old Buffs;" the 31st regiment, which was raised in 1702, being also distinguished by buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, was for many years styled "The Young Buffs," but has since laid aside that title. See Cannon's *Historical Records of the British Army.—Notes and Queries.*

From The Spectator.

## ALGIERS IN 1857.\*

FROM the dedication "to the memory of L. J. D., a wife and mother," it would appear that the Reverend E. W. L. Davies carried his wife to Algiers "with the sole object of her restoration to health." The visit was made in the early part of the year 1857, and the travellers continued till the latter end of May. The lady was a consumptive patient; and though the party made their Mediterranean choice on no better grounds than the average temperature of the four seasons, they had no reason to repent it. The climate did not restore health, or even preserve life; but it "gave at once ease to the lungs and tone to the constitution, while the novel and varied scenes of African life never failed to supply attractive subjects for the pencil, and pleasing occupation for the mind." With orange-trees bearing ripe fruit when France and England were covered with snow, the climate permits the invalid to enjoy the open air for a large part of nearly every day, while the person in health can make various excursions in search of amusement, natural or ethnological observations, or field-sports. Algiers itself not only offers most of the agréments of a French city, with the sea and the African landscape to boot, but its inhabitants present even to the casual loungeur specimens of many peoples,—Algerine Turks, Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Negroes, as well as various Southern Europeans, who find their way to Algiers in search of a subsistence. It is of an exposition of these things, illustrated by instances, that this lively and agreeable volume consists; the illustrations involving anecdotes, sketches, dialogues, and adventures on sporting and other tours which Mr. Davies made in company with a friend.

The book, though addressed to travellers in general, has primarily "especial reference to English invalids." To them climate is the main object; and even about that there is a difference of opinion. This difference is formally expressed in a conversation that took place in the open air on the 12th of February, "as the parties sat or sauntered under the shade of the orange-trees in the Grand Place at Algiers." A lady considered that the air wanted the balmy softness of Madeira; another lady thought it too tonic, unfavorable to sore throat or tie doloureux;

\* *Algiers in 1857. Its Accessibility, Climate, and resources, described with especial reference to English Invalids: also details of Recreation obtainable in its neighborhood, added for the Use of Travellers in general.* By the Reverend E. W. L. Davies, M. A., Oxon., Vicar of Adlingfleet, and Rural Dean of Selby. Published by Longmans and Co.

while (apparently) the author's wife described its effects by saying, "I feel when I breathe the air as if oil were poured upon my lungs." It is probable that at Algiers, as at other places, the nature of the complaint has to be considered, and prudence of conduct observed. The full heat of the sun should be avoided; so should the night air; on one side of the city is a marsh, which, though not affecting the town perhaps, breeds "low fever" on the spot. One thing Algiers seems to do—it enables a person to live a great deal in the open air at a time of year when a certain class of invalids hardly venture out of doors in England and the middle or Northern parts of France, and ought to be cautious how they expose themselves in the Southern parts of Europe. And it is the open air which strengthens, with probably the relief from mental tension it implies. Mr. Davies adduces a curious example from the Arabs.

"It is a significant fact that consumption is comparatively unknown amongst the Arabs. Exposed as they are day by day to the heat of a burning sun, and by night to the fogs of the Metidja or to the chilling winds of the snow-capped Djurdjura, subject to all the vicissitudes of a wandering wild life, houseless, comfortless, not only supporting existence but flourishing on fare that would starve a Dartmoor crow, it does seem remarkable, that, notwithstanding these privations, they should escape a scourge that devastates so large and so fair a portion of the human race; whereas their neighbors of the city, the Moors, the Jews, and the Turks of Algiers, engaged in embroidery and sedentary pursuits, well housed, well fed, and enjoying the advantages of a climate in which frost never frets the most delicate flower, wither under the influence of consumption, and die by dozens annually. Fresh air is of course the secret; it is indeed 'the breath of life,'—as with the Arab, so with the inhabitants of Russia, Sweden, and Norway, who are said to enjoy from their out-of-door habits a like immunity,—so that, whatever the climate may be, it is clear that consumption is not originated by any extreme or inequality of atmospheric variation. England and Holland are affected neither by the cold of Russia nor by the heat of Algiers, and yet they are the greatest sufferers."

It should be observed, however, that population does not increase among the Arabs in the same ratio as in England. The predisposed to consumption, or the delicate of any sort, are probably killed off in infancy.

Next to climate, the accommodations, amusements, and comforts of life, with their cost, are the consideration. On this ground Algiers is, we suppose, beyond any other place for invalids. Nor are the prices so high as have been reported. You could not live in a first-rate English hotel, with two rooms, for four pounds a week per head.

"We tried the Hôtel de la Régence, in the Grande Place. A handsome fountain playing in front, and a grove of orange-trees on which the ripe fruit was still hanging, and under the shade of which venerable Moors and long-bearded Turks were calmly smoking on rustic benches, combined to invite the travellers to repose. Here, again, rooms on the second étage, up fifty weary steps, at three francs each, were our Hobson's choice. For *pension* in the salon, which included breakfast at ten and dinner at six, with half a bottle of very ordinary wine at each meal, a charge of seven francs was made for each person: then fire, bougies, service, tea, coffee, and even hot water, were charged extra. Thus, all complete, the expense of a visitor at this hotel would be about fourteen francs a day, or one hundred a week. A friend of ours staying at the Régence, with his lady and maid and a child about six years old, occupied three good rooms on the first étage, for which, with board, he paid no less than 1200 francs or £48 a month. In a few weeks, however, after our arrival, he changed his quarters, took a suit of commodious and excellent apartments in a private house in the Rue de la Marine, for which he paid 300 francs a month; then his *pension*—twelve different dishes at each meal—was supplied to him from a neighboring inn, the Hôtel de l'Europe, at another 300 francs; by which arrangement not only did he save one-half of

his money, but he really obtained double the comfort."

There are numerous sketches of the shops, people, and conveniences of Algiers—its omnibuses, hackney vehicles, and saddle-horses. There are also notes on the changes effected by the French occupation, and one in a mode scarcely to be expected.

"In a social and moral point of view, the Turk of Algiers is an improved character: unlike his predecessors, he is no longer a polygamist, indulging in harems and concomitant abominations, but is the husband of one wife, and a respectable member of society. The ladies of a family generally live together, mother, wife, and sisters: but we are assured, on good authority, that no such thing as a harem exists at present at Algiers. With one wife, however, the Turk is a jealous man: no eye is allowed to penetrate, no foot to tread, the inner courts of his house; it is literally his castle; no matter how friendly you may be with him, if you approach it, even with your wife on your arm, she is admitted, but you are excluded from its portals. In some Turkish houses there is a kind of outer hall, which they call 'skiffa,' and thus far a gentleman visitor is sometimes permitted to enter and receive the hospitalities of the mansion."

#### FIRST WOMEN ACTORS AND FIRST SCENES.

Letters patent were granted by Charles II., dated Jan. 15, 1662, to Sir William Davenant, authorising him to erect a theatre, and establish a company of actors in London or Westminster, or the suburbs of the same. The letters patent recite that the women's part in plays formerly acted had been represented by men in the habits of women, "at which some have taken offence." To remedy this abuse, it was now "permitted and leave given" that all the women's parts to be acted in the company now established, "for the time to come may be performed by women." Another company of actors was also authorised by the same letters patent, "to be erected and set up by Thomas Killigrew, Esq.," with the same privileges as the one established by Davenant; the former company was to "be stiled the Company of *Us and our Royal Consort*." Davenant's Company was called "the *Servants of our dearly beloved brother, James Duke of York*." This was the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I think from the date of these letters patent, that the appearance of Mrs. Coleman as Ianthe in 1656, must have been very nearly, if not quite, the commencement of the practice. In the "Dialogue" prefixed to Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, it is said, "About the same time that scenes were introduced upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts."

Custom even ran into the other extreme; since in Killigrew's play of *The Parson's Wedding*, printed in 1663, "all the parts were originally represented by women." Pepys, speaking of this play, says,—

"Luellin tells me what an obscene play this *Parson's Wedding* is, and that it is acted by nothing but women at the King's House."—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 314.

This shows that the morality of the stage was not materially improved by the introduction of females on the stage.—*Notes and Queries*.

**NURSERY HYMN.**—I send the following lines which a girl told her teacher in the Sunday School of a country town in Norfolk, she was in the habit of repeating as her nightly prayer, though its completeness, as the teacher remarked, has suffered from the girl's imperfect remembrance of it:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed I lay on.  
Four corners to my bed,  
Three angels Mary led:  
One at my feet, one at my head,  
One at my heart, there they spread:  
God within, and God without,  
Bless me round about.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Saturday Review.  
ENGLISH GIRLS.

ONE of the things upon which we have always most piqued ourselves as Englishmen is the unsuspected and unsuspecting freedom, the chaste and decent boldness, of our girls. How often have we fought the battle of our country's ways against Frenchmen, who can see nothing in the confidence we place in the purity and principle of our maiden countrywomen but stupid or shameful indifference to their virtue! How often have our eyes, long accustomed to a practised drop of the eyelid and an acted reserve, met with tender exultation a calm, clear, open eye, looking us right in the face, and bespeaking a mind without concealment and without suspicion! But all these privileges we are in a way to lose, if a certain school of young ladies which has arisen among us should find admirers of their doctrines and imitators of their practice. As slang is the natural and appropriate language of these ladies, we shall, however odious to us, apply it to them. We will call them, then, the school of "Plucky Girls"—a designation claimed by some of the elegant "correspondents" whose letters have been published in the newspapers, and whose sentiments are on a level with their language.

Already the Norway travellers went, we thought, as near the wind as any woman, accustomed to respect themselves and the opinions of the decent part of society, could go. Not that we do not admire their curiosity, their courage, their contempt of difficulties, their power of enduring hardship and privation. We enter no protest even against the scarlet trousers, nor against any accoutrement which the exigencies of such a journey might render necessary or useful. It is the obtrusive, and somewhat defiant manner, in which these departures from the usages and decors of the sex are put forward—in which equivocal things are thrown out, as if to startle one part of the public and to invite the loose comments of another—that offend us, because they tend to bring into disrepute some of the highest qualities and most valuable privileges of English women.

The example and the success of these ladies has proved too tempting not to excite emulation, which, as usual, far outstrips its model. We are now regaled with the adventures of two young women who seem to have completely lost the faculty of appreciating what is respectable, graceful, dignified, amiable, or trustworthy in woman; and who evidently think that to persist in "a wanton outraging of all propriety" is a fine proof of spirit. Without any adequate motive (or any that they care to assign), they set out on an expedition which is sure to expose them to humiliating conjectures, and voluntarily, and

"for fun," place themselves in a series of the most equivocal situations. Such ladies may assume that their claims to unblemished reputation are, in spite of appearances, to be accepted by society on their word. But neither their Colt's revolvers nor their impudent defiance of opinion will, we think, force this conviction on the world. The men who have most constantly and gallantly championed the decent and graceful and feminine liberty, the quiet courage, and the frankness, "thinking no evil," of our unspoiled girls, will by no means feel themselves called upon to defend the reputations of female swash-bucklers and adventurers from the sneering glosses of foreigners or the more serious disgust of Englishmen.

Let us not be misunderstood. We hold that there is scarcely any situation within the pale of civilized life, in which, alone or in company, a woman of whatever age, under the guidance of modesty, sense, and principle, is not secure from harm, and ought not to be secure from the shadow of suspicion. She who:

"ever walks attended  
By the strong-siding champion, Conscience."  
wants no other guard. But far different must be *her* motives, sentiments, and conduct from those so ostentatiously displayed by these dashing and impudent young women. It is for the sake of the many virtuous and decorous matrons, the many innocent girls, who *must* go about the world unprotected, save by their own discretion and dignity—who *ought* to go about the world unchallenged by a doubt—that we protest against this abuse of the liberty our manners have granted to women.

We can also respect the eccentric but single-minded devotion to the acquisition of knowledge which has carried an Ida Pfeiffer unharmed and unquestioned through the world, and would, we verily believe, throw its transparent shield over a woman more obnoxious to danger and misrepresentation than that unwearied and intrepid explorer. But of any such motives or tastes the *Timely Retreat* does not exhibit a trace. The remarks on the wondrous regions these ladies visited are trivial in the extreme, while those on the inhabitants are flippant, vulgar, and above all, inhuman. With the same coarse insensibility with which the writers proclaim their own want of delicacy, they betray the habitual brutality of tone of their male associates towards inferiors and dependents. The conduct towards the natives of India, described by these ladies with a sort of exultation, exceeds all that we were prepared for; and that is saying much, for we know what Englishmen can be in their demeanor to a subject and inferior race—and what race is not infe-



rior in the eyes of powerful and stolid ignorance? It is in vain that our Hebers and Munros, Elphinstones and Malcolms, have shown us how to rule and how to attach men, be they dark or fair, Christians or heathens. These names are written on the hearts of the natives—how is it that their example is lost upon so many of their young countrymen? Let us imagine the sentiments with which a learned, high-bred, polished Hindoo or Mussulman must regard masters so deficient in all the forms of dignity or politeness, in all knowledge of the history and the learning of the country, or of the thoughts, feelings, and language of the men they are sent to govern, yet treating them with indiscriminating contempt and safe insolence. Let us reflect what would be our feelings towards a race of men assuming to be, not only our rulers, but in every thing our superiors, if we heard them speak in a manner half intelligible and wholly vulgar, affecting to teach and to convert us in a jargon which it requires Oriental self-command and politeness to hear without laughter, and their very women unconsciously interspersing their insolent commands with words taken from the language of the lowest populace.

We have heard both from English and Asiatic gentlemen, the impression made on the men of India, and of the East generally, by the manners of too many of the English ladies they see among them. In the East, where the female sex is surrounded with so many degrading suspicions and mischievous restraints, English women are bound to be doubly cautious to do nothing which may unnecessarily shock public opinion, and strengthen the prejudices which it ought to be their business gradually to remove. They should recollect that any misconstructions to which they wantonly subject themselves, fall, not upon them alone, but upon the sacred cause of the freedom, the dignity, and the usefulness of their sex. We know the strength of national prejudices and of early instilled antipathies; but we have full faith in the ultimate triumph of reason, and of institutions which manifestly tend to the happiness and dignity of the human race. Only these must not be confounded with impudent defiance of opinion, nor with manners calculated to bring our

whole system of morals into suspicion and contempt.

There is a loud call among us for the "recognition and encouragement of Christianity in India." We yield to none in anxiety to see the precepts and example of Christ adopted as the law and the pattern for all sorts and conditions of men all over the world. But as the easiest, and at the same time, the most efficacious way of bringing about this great consummation, we would humbly suggest whether we might not as well begin by becoming Christians ourselves. It is with a small hope of encouragement from Exeter Hall, or from reverend and right reverend converters, that we venture on so impracticable a suggestion. Yet we are no less persuaded that the means they seem to be contemplating will fail, than we are that if we could be brought to set forth in *our lives* the doctrines we affect to believe, we should want no declamatory meetings, no well-paid missionaries. Christianity, in *practice*, would proclaim its own supremacy, and subdue all things to itself. Such reflections are far too serious for our subject; but surely, if there be a quality more than every other unchristian, it is insolent and cruel contempt for the feelings of those who are at our mercy. Above all, let us not have the pain and the shame of seeing that our women, who claim to be pre-eminently endowed with sympathy and commiseration for all human wretchedness—with gentleness, patience, and meekness, fear to offend, and readiness to serve—adopt the coarse, insolent, and oppressive tone of the least enlightened and the least humane of the other sex. We feel a disgust more than usually strong at a self-drawn portrait of bold and hard Englishwomen, because it forms the dark shade of that luminous, and to all time glorious, picture of resignation and fortitude, gentleness and courage, forgetfulness of self and devotedness to others, which Englishwomen in all the fiercest and deadliest extremities of horror, fear, privation, and suffering, have lately exhibited. For the honor of the sex and the nation these noble women have so illustrated, let us hope that such exhibitions as that made in the *Timely Retreat* may be forgotten.

HOURLASS IN PULPITS.—Here is a quotation from Dr. South's forty-ninth sermon, in which the pulpit hour-glass is mentioned. It may be new to some of your readers. Dr. South was born 1633, and died 1716.

"For my own part, I never thought a pulpit,

a cushion, and an hour-glass, such necessary means of salvation, but that much of the time and labor which is spent about them might be much more profitably employed in catechising youth from the desk."—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Press.

*The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States.* By J. Parton. London: Sampson, Low & Co.

THE subject of this American biography is familiar to us by the tradition of his appearances in London society, as well as by the allusions to him in the writings of Dumont, Bentham, and some letters of Charles Lamb. He was an extraordinary person, though not of the kind fitted for hero-worship. Many of the statements in this large volume, and not a few of its incidents, deserve to be held in English opinion as "coarse" and "vulgar," but as an American piece of biography, and as a contribution to the "domestic history of the Americans" in past times, the book has some literary value. It testifies strongly to the exaggeration of character and vulgar violence of manners which are apt to spring up in a mere democracy. In a mixed Constitution ambition is regulated by established rules, and the presumption of gross obtrusiveness is repressed. In the canvassing for power to which a community like that of the United States is subjected there is danger of society being vitiated by what Dryden in one of his dramas has called

— that scum

Which bubbles upmost when a nation boils.

The constant duels, the extravagant clamor, and the violent collisions which occur in American politics are to be traced in a great measure to the pressure resulting from perpetually appealing to the opinion of the multitude. We know that there are disgraces enough in some of our British electioneering, but those scandals are confined to the mere underlings of politics: in America many of the leading persons and chiefs of parties are sullied by the furious and vulgar strife inseparably attendant upon unbalanced democracies.

Colonel Aaron Burr, the subject of this volume, was a considerable person in his time, and his memoirs illustrate only too faithfully some of the preceding reflections. In the Army of the Revolution he held the rank of a lieutenant-colonel, and he was subsequently a senator and Vice-President of the United States. In American electioneering Colonel Burr played a stormy and conspicuous part. He aspired to be Governor of New York, and was a prominent performer in days characterized by the biographer as "the era of bad feeling." He killed Alexander Hamilton in a notorious duel, which left an indelible stain on his character; and he went through a variety of incidents of most opposite nature. He was a man of free opinions, and reminds us of one of the nautical desperados in Cooper's novels applying himself

to democratic politics, and expending on the platform energies more appropriate to the quarter-deck. The honors of biography in England are not accorded to characters of the Wilkes and Feargus O'Connor type; but such is not the case in American literature. The bounds between notoriety and celebrity, between clamor and opinion, are there not clearly marked; and the remarks of Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his review of De Tocqueville's "Democracy," that "America wants a leisure class," is strikingly confirmed by the sort of books which find large circulation in the United States.

But we cannot deny that a work of the kind before us has some historical interest for showing us the transitions through which American democracy has passed. As yet the history of the last fifty years in the States has not found an adequate literary expositor; and certainly there are many curious and striking details in the volume before us which make us wish to see more of the internal political life of the Americans.

Aaron Burr was the grandson of the celebrated divine, Jonathan Edwards, the author of a well-known work on "The Freedom of the Will." His father, President Burr, married Esther, the third daughter of Jonathan Edwards. The Burrs themselves came, it is supposed, from Germany, and Aaron Burr had a great many remarkable qualities. But the biographer has spun out his life too much, and we cannot accept Mr. Parton's literary faculty as adequate to the task of biography. In one place Mr. Parton writes of the "subtle feminine (!) intellect and resolute will of Jonathan Edwards" (p. 30); some of the commonplaces of college composition he accepts as original: he speaks of "Miss Burnett's novels;" and many other touches record his free-and-easy mode of composition. He writes:

"During the summer of 1787, all minds were fixed upon the proceedings of the convention that was forming the Constitution under which we now live. The science of government never had such a thorough discussion as it then received at the hands of editors, pamphleteers, and wayside politicians."

"The science of government" receiving "a thorough discussion" from "wayside" politicians is an Americanism. Scattered through the volume are many interesting testimonies to the class of American politicians at various periods. Aaron Burr himself was equally conspicuous as a colonel in the Revolution Army, as a barrister, and a platform politician. His vogue in politics was in times when the United States were ruled by the three important connections of the Clintons, the Schuylers, and the Livingstons. Mr. Parton, after characterizing them, says:

"These were the three families. The Clintons had power, the Livingstons had numbers, the Schuylers had Hamilton. Neither of the three was strong enough to overcome the other two united, and any two united could triumph over the third."

He might have added that so rapidly do families and connections expire, like "flies of a summer," in the American States, that the Livingstons are the only one of these three political families that last. It is said here of Aaron Burr:

"For some years after coming to New York, Colonel Burr held aloof from these factions. Absorbed in the practice of his profession and the education of his family, he was not reckoned among the politicians. And when, at length, he entered the political field, it was not as an ally of either of the families, but as an independent power who profited by their dissensions, and wielded the influence of two to crush the more obnoxious third. He had a party of his own, that served him instead of family connections. Gradually certain young men of the town, who had nothing to hope from the ruling power, ambitious, like himself, were drawn into his circle, and inspired with his own energy and resolution. They were devoted to their chief, of whose abilities they had an extravagant opinion. In every quarter they sounded the praises of the man who, they said, was the bravest soldier, the ablest lawyer, and the most accomplished gentleman of his day: endowed with equal valor and prudence; formed to shine in every scene, and to succeed in every enterprise. Burr's myrmidons, these young gentlemen were styled by General Hamilton. The Tenth Legion they were proudly called by Theodosia, the daughter."

The impression left upon the mind of an impartial reader of this biography is that Aaron Burr was like a triple combination in one person of the qualities conspicuous in Sir De Lacy Evans, Mr. Roebuck, and the late Feargus O'Connor. Nearly seven hundred close pages are devoted to the elaborate delineation of this strong specimen of a violent politician.

The incidental admissions and statements about American statesmen are of interest and value. For example, Washington is described in the following way:

"Many were, therefore, appointed to high posts in the army because they were persons of importance in civil life; they gave their names to the cause. Among the reasons which made Washington the most complete exemplification of 'the right man for the right place,' that history exhibits, one was that he was a great Virginia gentleman, who had vast plantations, hundreds of slaves, a fine mansion, and rode about in a chariot and six. 'One of the finest fortunes in America,' John Adams exultingly exclaims, in mentioning his acceptance of the command. And his exultation was just; for

such things have not merely a legitimate influence in human affairs, but the fact of such a fortune being freely risked in the cause, showed the faith the owner had in its justice, importance, and chance of success."

Just so; Washington was not a "Democrat" or a "Radical" either in his principles, manners, or habits. He was like an eminent English country gentleman settled in the provinces. A "Republican" must not necessarily be confounded with a Democrat; and Washington had birth, fortune, and hereditary position.

Of the gains at the American Bar, it is here said:—

"At the present day, a lawyer is considered to be in good practice who has a clear gain of four thousand dollars a year. Ten thousand dollars is thought a very large revenue: it is questionable if there are one hundred lawyers in the United States who earn so much. An average income of twenty thousand is as great as the half dozen leading lawyers of the country can boast; though, occasionally, a lawyer will make that sum by a single case, or even twice as much. In early times, professional incomes could scarcely have been as large as they are now. Among the letters of Alexander Hamilton there is one from a New York merchant, retaining the services of Hamilton in any suits the merchant might have for five years. Inclosed in the letter was a note for a thousand dollars, payable at the end of the five years, with interest, at five per cent. Upon the letter is an endorsement, in Hamilton's hand, to the effect, that the note had been 'returned as being too much.' Certainly the present leaders of the New York bar would not take so modest a view of the value of their services. William Wirt, of Virginia, a very brilliant and successful lawyer, practising in the dominant State of the Union, mentions that in 1802 he had an income of twelve hundred pounds a year. A few years later, while passing through New York to try a cause in Boston, he visited some of the New York courts, and inquired respecting the fees of the lawyers. He was astonished at their smallness, and said a Virginia lawyer would starve on such fees. From such indications as these, it is perhaps safe to infer that Hamilton and Burr may have had professional incomes of ten thousand dollars a year, but not more, on an average. Burr used to say that he had made forty thousand dollars from one cause, but whether it was as a lawyer or a speculator that he gained so much, is not clear."

In a democratic society of the American kind lawyers will always exercise a disproportionate influence. Their practised fluency and self-possession must gain them great personal influence in a country ruled by public meetings; and the American lawyers have had the reputation of being addicted to speculations in land—a sort of adventure in which their knowledge of legal titles would be of great personal use to them. T

eminent members, also, become a sort of professional aristocracy.

As bearing on the refugee question, the following assertions are interesting. Burr, after a variety of adventures, and after bold, daring, attempts to bring about a revolution in Mexico, came to England in 1808, and opened his projects to the English Ministers of that time. The purport of his visit to England is thus stated by his biographer:—

“He came to Europe with the design of laying before the Cabinet of England, or the Emperor of France, his plans for the independence of Mexico, and of procuring at least the authorization of one of them for carrying out his schemes of personal aggrandizement and elevation in that country. But Joseph Bonaparte’s assumption of the Spanish throne was precisely the event of all others conceivable, to absolutely close the ears of both Governments to such an application. England, before on ill terms with Spain, promptly took the part of the dethroned king, and sent the flower of her armies to the Peninsular war. England was publicly and irrevocably committed to the cause of the exiled monarch, and, of course, to the integrity of his dominions. To ask Napoleon’s consent to the independence of Mexico would have seemed something like soliciting his consent to the partition of the French empire. Mexico was part of the kingdom which he ruled through his brother Joseph. Mexico was his. If he had been disposed to give it away, an adventurer from far-off America would not have been the selected recipient. . . . He proceeded immediately to business. He had interviews with Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Mulgrave, and many other official persons, to whom his plans were made known. He received not the slightest encouragement.”

And we then are told further on:—

“After a few weeks of active exertion in London, he received one day, as he was leaving for the country, a very pointed request from Lord Hawkesbury, one of the Secretaries of State, that he should present himself forthwith at the

Home-office. He went. What transpired is not precisely known. But his right to live in England was so seriously called in question, that he was driven to demand it on the ground that he was born, and still remained, a British subject. Lord Hawkesbury pronounced the claim monstrous. But Burr was the better lawyer of the two, and knew well the peculiarities of British laws respecting citizenship. The question puzzled the whole Cabinet, was referred to the law officers of the Crown, and was some months in arriving at settlement. Meanwhile, the claimant lived and wandered in England at his pleasure. Such a claim from a man who had been for four years in arms against the King of England, and who had filled the second office in that victorious republic, whose creation dismembered the British empire, was an amusing instance of Burr’s lawyerly audacity.”

The whole facts, we surmise, are not set forth as to Lord Hawkesbury’s “request”—a word which was not necessarily to be interpreted as a command. From a variety of facts detailed in this work, it may be inferred that Lord Hawkesbury might have been anxious to discountenance Burr, not on account of his strange Mexican projects, but by reason of the then critical relations between England and America. Not long since the “Young Irelanders” were received and harbored in America after their attempts to excite a revolution in the Queen’s dominions, but subsequently a strong check was put by American public opinion on their practices in making military and Roman Catholic demonstrations in New York and elsewhere; and in plain English the American public opinion “put down” the young Irelanders, when they attempted to be more than American citizens. As to the point of law pleaded by Burr, the biographer must surely have made some mistake. After the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, such a plea could not be admissible in 1808.

DEAN SHERLOCK.—At the end of a work printed for W. Rogers in 1706, is a list of books published by Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul’s, and amongst them is one entitled:

“An Exhortation to the Redeemed Slaves, who came in a solemn Procession to St. Paul’s Cathedral, March 11, 1701-2, to give God thanks for their deliverance out of their captivity at Machaness.”

I should be obliged by any correspondent informing, first, where is Machaness? Secondly, by any particulars of the captivity and rescue of the persons addressed, and of the solemnity at St. Paul’s.

[Machaness, variously spelt Mequinez, Mekinez, and Miknas, lies west of Fez, and is now a large town in Morocco. The *Flying Post* of March 12, 1701-2, thus notices the service at St. Paul’s: “Yesterday about one hundred and

forty slaves, lately redeemed from Barbary, came to St. Paul’s Cathedral, where his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and some of the aldermen of the city, were present. The Rev. Dr. Sherlock admonished them to return thanks to the government for their deliverance, and to the people for their charity, and that they should not pursue the practice to which sailors are too much addicted, viz., cursing and swearing. They are to appear to-morrow morning at the Navy Office, in order to be entertained in Her Majesty’s service.” On March 12, another sermon was preached at Bow Church, before the slaves lately redeemed from Barbary. On Dec. 4, 1721, another body of redeemed captives from Mequinez returned thanks to Almighty God at St. Paul’s, when a sermon was preached by Mr. Berryman, Chaplain to the Bishop of London.]—*Notes and Queries*.



From The Saturday Review.

OLD GERMAN LOVE-SONGS.\*

SEVEN hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II., King of England; Frederick I., the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of St. Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They were men different from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the heroic history of their chivalrous achievements. It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas a'Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lives on and his bones are working miracles, and his thoughts are embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot where his brains had been scattered. Abelard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the shrine of Abelard and Heloise in the Père Lachaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lives on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long sleep and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard, and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. And though we feel we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armour, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry, which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry

\* *Des Minnesangs Frühling*. Herausgegeben von Karl Lachmann und Moritz Haupt. Leipzig. 1867.

—poetry unknown to the ancient world, and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry—purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, have been touched by the more genial rays of the brilliant sun of a more southern sky. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head—the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit—the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine—the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better, if we think of Homer's *Helena* and Dante's *Beatrice*, if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

The work which has caused these reflections is a volume of German poetry, just published by Lachmann and Haupt. It is called *Des Minnesangs Frühling—the Spring of the Songs of Love*; and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised. *Tieck*, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glowing language. "At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gaiety, were objects that could never tire: great duels, and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her." Carlyle,

too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray—not indeed, without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music—were bidding it welcome." And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Suabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the Nibelunge, or to Wolfram's grand poems of the Parzival and the Holy Graal, it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem—and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it, and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry:

"It has pained me in the heart,  
Full many a time,  
That I yearned after that  
Which I may not have,  
Nor ever shall win,  
It is very grievous.  
I do not mean gold or silver:  
It is more like a human heart.

I trained me a falcon,  
More than a year.  
When I had tamed him,  
As I would have him,  
And had well tied his feathers  
With golden chains,  
He soared up very high,  
And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,  
Flying happily;  
He carried on his foot  
Silken straps,  
And his plumage was  
All red of gold. . . .  
May God send them together,  
Who would fain be loved."

The key-note of the whole poem of the *Nibelunge*, such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of

the thirteenth century, is "Sorrow after Joy." This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers:

". . . no more, no more, dear mother, say,  
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear  
as day,  
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites  
us ever.

I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow  
never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she belongs; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the *Edda*, the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same sombre cast. He wrote his *Parzival* about the time when the songs of the *Nibelunge* were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the Breton cycle of Arthur and his Knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give, is to him but a shadow—the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Graal. There were new thoughts stirring in the hearts and minds of those men of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A hundred years before Dante, the German poets had already stared, with their eyes full open, into that infinite reality which underlies our short existence on earth. To Wolfram, and to many a poet of his time, the human tragedy of this world presented the same unreal, transitory, and transparent aspect which we find again in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Everything points to another world. Beauty, love, virtue, happiness—everything, in fact, that moves the heart of the poet—has a hidden reference to something higher than this life; and the highest object of the highest poetry seems to be to transfer the thoughts to those regions where they feel the presence of a Divine Power and a Divine Love, and are lost in blissful adoration.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called *Minnesänger*. These *Minnesänger* are not exactly what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. It comes nearest to the old Sanskrit name for love, which is *smara*, *memoria*; and remembrance and faithfulness are the salient features of that Teutonic love of which the *Minnesänger* are singing. It is different from the Greek *Eros* and the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which mean originally desire, not love. And strange it is that the old Sanskrit name for love, *smara*, as preserved in German, takes the meaning of grief; for the German *schmerz* and the English *smart* seem to be the same words as the Sanskrit *smara*, and to mean originally "what makes us think or remember." Thus most of the poems of the *Minnesänger* are sad rather than joyful—joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the *Minnesänger* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise, and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle-High-German, into modern German—much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the *Minnesänger* can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, Dietmar von Eist:

"A lady stood alone,  
And gazed across the heath,  
And gazed for her love.  
She saw a falcon flying.  
O happy falcon that thou art,  
Thou fliest wherever thou likest;  
Thou choosest in the forest  
A tree that pleases thee.  
Thus I too had done.  
I chose myself a man:  
Him my eyes selected.  
Beautiful ladies envy me for it.  
Alas! why will they not leave me my love?  
I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.

Now woe to thee, joy of summer!  
The song of birds is gone!  
So are the leaves of the lime-tree:  
Henceforth, my pretty eyes too  
Will be overcast.  
My love, thou shouldst take leave  
Of other ladies;  
Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.  
When thou sawest me first,  
I seemed to thee in truth  
Right lovely made:  
I remind thee of it, dear man!"

These poems, simple and trite as they seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of Kings and Queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages. The poem which we quoted first was translated as an Italian sonnet in the thirteenth century, and has been published in Franc Trucchi's *Poesie Italiane Inedite*:

"Tapina me, che amava uno spaviero;  
amava tanto ch'io me ne moria;  
a lo richiamo ben m'era maniero  
ed unque troppo pascere no'l dovia.  
or è montato e salito sì altero,  
assai più altero che far non solia;  
ed è assiso dentro a un verziere,  
e un'altra donna l'averà in balia.  
isparvier mio, ch'io t'avea nodrito;  
sonaglio d'oro ti facea portare,  
perchè nell' uccellar fossi più ardito.  
or sei salito siccome lo mare,  
ed hai rotti li geti, e sei fuggito  
quando eri fermo nel tuo uccellare."

One of the most original and thoughtful of the *Minnesänger* is the old Reinmar. His poems are given us now for the first time in a correct and readable text by Lachmann and Haupt, and many a difficult passage has been elucidated by their notes. His poems, however, are not easy to read, and we should have been thankful for some more help than what the editors have given us in their notes. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry:—

"High as the sun stands my heart;  
That is because of a lady who can be without change  
In her grace, wherever she be.  
She makes me free from all sorrow.

"I have nothing to give her, but my own life,  
That belongs to her; the beautiful woman gives me always  
Joy, and a high mind,  
If I think of it, what she does for me.

"Well it is for me that I found her so true!  
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;  
If she went across the wild sea,  
There I should go; I long so much for her.

"If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well  
That I keep her, whom I should serve:

May she take care right well,  
That nothing sad may ever befall me through  
her.

"I was never quite blessed, but through her :  
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me!  
It was a blessed thing for me  
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her  
grace."

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says,  
that among all this warbling of love there  
are infinite twitterings which, except their  
gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we  
like to read them as part of the bright  
history of those bygone days. One poet  
sings :—

"If the whole world was mine,  
From the Sea to the Rhine,  
I would gladly give it all,  
That the Queen of England  
Lay in my arms, etc."

Who was the impertinent German that  
dared to fall in love with a Queen of Eng-  
land? We do not know. But there can be  
no doubt that the Queen of England whom  
he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleonore  
of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled  
the heart of many a Crusader with unholy  
thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who  
was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony,  
has inspired many a poet of those days. Her  
beauty is celebrated by the Provençal Trou-  
badours; and at the Court of her husband,  
she encouraged several of her German vasa-  
ls to follow the example of the French and  
Norman Knights, and to sing the love of  
Tristan and Isolte, and the adventures of the  
Knights of Charlemagne. They must have  
been happy times, those times of the Cru-  
sades! Nor have they passed away without

leaving their impress on the hearts and minds  
of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepul-  
chre it is true, is still in the hands of the In-  
fidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie  
buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of  
valor are well nigh forgotten, and their chiv-  
alrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love  
are smiled at by a wiser generation. But  
much that is noble and heroic in the feelings  
of the nineteenth century, has its hidden  
roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture  
and Gothic poetry are the children of the  
same mother; and if the true but unadorned  
language of the heart, the aspirations of a  
real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love  
are still listened to by the nations of Europe  
—and if what is called the Romantic school  
is still strong enough to hold its ground  
against the classical taste and its Royal  
patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and  
Frederick the Great—we owe it to those  
chivalrous poets who dared for the first time  
to be what they were, and to say what they  
felt, and to whom faith, love, and honor were  
worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked  
the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan  
ages.

The new edition of the Poems of the Min-  
nesänger is a masterpiece of German scholar-  
ship. It was commenced by Lachmann, the  
greatest critic after Wolf, that Germany has  
ever produced. Lachmann died before the  
work was finished, and Professor Haupt, his  
successor at Berlin undertook to finish it.  
His share in the edition, particularly in the  
notes, is greater than that of Lachmann,  
and the accuracy with which the text has  
been restored from more than twenty MSS.  
is worthy of the great pupil of that great  
master.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."—A sim-  
ilar thought is found in Dante's *Inferno*, canto  
5. v. 121.:

"\* \* \* nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria," \* \* \*

Also Chaucer :

"For of Fortune's sharp adversite  
The worst kind of infortune is this,  
A man to have been in prosperite,  
And it remember when it passid is."  
*Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii.

And Marino :

"Che non ha doglia il misero maggiore

Che ricordar la gioia entro il dolore."

*Adone*, c. XIV. st. 100.

So also Fortinguerra :

"Rimembrare il ben perduto  
Fa più meschino lo presente stato."  
*Ricciardetto*, c. xi. st. 83.

The original thought perhaps was in Boetius,  
*de Consol. Philosoph.*:

"In omni adversitate fortunæ infeliciissimum  
genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse."  
—*L. ii. pr. 4.*

Petrarch also has a line, canzone 46.:

"Con dolor rimembrando il tempo lieto."  
—*Notes and Queries.*



From The Economist, 19 March.

## THE FRENCH EXPLANATION.

It may sometimes—in diplomatic difficulties—be found advantageous to explain at length what every one understands, and to leave the knots and intricacies of national misunderstandings quite untouched. So much depends on cordiality of tone, and on the obvious desire to *drop* perplexities, that a calm smoothing over of an involved question is often more effective than the most anxious attempt to excuse or justify errors. A pamphlet has just been put forth in Paris—inspired, doubtless, from the “highest sources”—explaining, in a most temperate and conciliatory tone, the whole policy of Louis Napoleon towards England and the circumstances which led to the obnoxious despatch of Count Walewski. It would, under these circumstances, be discreditable indeed to our Government—at least should this conciliatory tone be steadily maintained by France, as we trust, and as Mr. Disraeli last night assured the House of Commons that it will—if we were led into any further quarrel. It can scarcely be doubted that the Emperor heartily *wishes* to maintain the spirit of the alliance; nor do we fear but that with good and prudent management the causes of dispute will, by tacit consent, disappear from view. But while it is skillful, and probably wise, in the Emperor to make so lengthened a statement on matters on which we are agreed, and so brief an illusion to the points which were justly offensive to English feeling, it is well for us in the same spirit, and with just regard to the feelings of France, to grasp as completely the other side of the case. We must remember that it is in the face of Europe, and not merely in private discussion with France, that this issue has been joined. Let us beware of re-exciting irritable feeling, but let as calm and judicial a statement of the ground on which she takes her stand go forth to the world from England as from France.

We say, then, that in the statement which has been just put forth on the authority of the French Emperor, two main points are completely overlooked; first, that the evidence it contains proves the necessity for a complete *revolution* in English law, if it prove the necessity for any change at all; and next, that the English indignation did not arise nearly so much out of Count Walewski's despatch taken alone, as out of the little accompanying circumstances—to which the statement very prudently scarce alludes at all—by the light of which that despatch was read. As to the first point, it must be conspicuously evident to all readers, that if the object of the despatch were to ask for *security* against such designs as those of

Pianori, Tibaldi, and the rest, it certainly asked implicitly for a new English revolution, rather than for such a change as that which Lord Palmerston proposed, and which we have always cordially supported. We heartily hold to the principle of that bill,—but certainly far more because we believe that it is due to English dignity and English justice to disclaim at once, and in the most emphatic manner, any sort of tenderness towards such crimes as conspiracy to murder, than because we think that a change from a misdemeanor into a felony will have any perceptible effect in diminishing the number of such crimes. As marking national disgust and keeping high the standard of legislative justice, it may do much good; as a deterrent of these wild men whose hand is against every man, it can do very little indeed. Now what is the case the French have against us? Only this, that in a considerable number of cases assassination or violence has been attempted by exiles who *last came* from England,—there being no other place of safety whence they could come. But that the plots they put into execution were concocted in England, there is absolutely *no* evidence, except in the case of the recent attempt. That Mazzini paid Pianori the “wages of crime” there is not a tittle of proof; the thing was stated on the French trial, and pronounced to be made out, but every Englishman knows that no evidence that would hold good against even the least searching cross-examination was really forthcoming. What, then, is the real drift of all these facts that we find paraded in the French statement? Simply this, and this alone,—that some measures should be taken to prevent men *with dangerous intentions* in *their minds* from leaving the shores of England for France. What system could ensure this, or rather what system could *attempt* it,—for no espionage, however close and constant, could ensure it,—except one which gave up absolutely the principle of English freedom? We should have to inaugurate a policy of suspicion; to organize a force of inspectors charged with the duty of reading up foreign politics and making acquaintance with all the needy foreign gentlemen who throng our streets. Nothing that we could do, could prevent Pianori from buying pistols in London, and—if occasion offered—firing them off in Paris;—nor do we understand how that event, or any event of the same kind, has any bearing at all on the duties of English legislators. If a criminal conspiracy comes to light, it ought, no doubt, to be severely punished; but to make us responsible for not *studying* the secret designs of the foreigners who come among us, is simply to make us responsible for a

principle which has long been the deliberate basis of English policy.

There is another class of acts that seem offences in the eyes of France, to which the French statement draws attention, and to prohibit or punish which would involve the same fundamental revolution in English habits and justice. It speaks of a coffee-house near Temple Bar, called the *Discussion Forum*, where the question was once debated:—Is regicide permitted under certain circumstances? The order of the day, we are told, was publicly posted and publicly discussed. The same abstract question has often been debated, we believe, in student's debating societies—various important resolutions, negative or affirmative, as the case may be, being passed at the close of the debate. Are these things,—these foolish abstract questions which rouse young men into strains of excited eloquence, and have no relation whatever to the practical life of the English people,—to be noticed and those who discuss them prosecuted simply for the sake of a sensitive neighbor? The author of the statement can scarcely be aware how infinitely insignificant these abstract questions are in England. Instead of being a nourishment to treason, they are a mere safety-valve for raw thought and heated fancy. Does he imagine that a man with assassination in his heart would go and discuss its moral character at a "Discussion Forum near Temple Bar?" To notice and put down such things might possibly provoke idle and hair-brained men into actual criminality, but could certainly never crush out the seed of a foreign conspiracy in England. When violent men "mean business," they do not publish a pamphlet on regicide, or take the affirmative in a debate on the rectitude of assassination. We should be sorry, indeed, to see the present lenient law of conspiracy remain unchanged. But we certainly do not believe that a sillier or more prejudicial course could be taken in England than to watch with eager jealousy, and visit with heavy punishments, the abstract excitements with which raw imagination and unpractised thought delight to feed themselves.

The French statement, then, fails to perceive that English indignation was aroused—not by a request to impose heavier penalties on proved conspiracy, but by arguments which seemed to require a thorough revolution in our law and policy. But it also ignores entirely—and wisely perhaps—the minor circumstances which tended to give an unfavorable coloring to Count Walewski's despatch. It expresses wonder that we should feel any irritation at a request to do what may be in our power to prevent conspiracies in future. But this was not the cause of our irritation. It was grounded on

that apparent prominence given to French official menace, and that apparent backwardness in publishing the Emperor's courteous expression of regret, which made us doubt for a moment the sincerity of the French alliance. But to this subject we have no desire to recur. We only allude to it to prove that our irritation was not ungrounded, and that the French explanation only attempts to explain why the French Government lodged a request for new measures, not why we were indignant at its tone. The friendliness of this explanation will do much to allay that indignation. But France cannot, on mature consideration, expect that England will surrender the deepest principle of her political life, simply because evil intentions go forth from her shores,—inspired by hatreds which England did not originate, and which England could not control.

From The Times.

Sir,—In your paper of yesterday, March 15, I find my name mentioned by Mr. Allsop as offering a sum of money for the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. Never have I countenanced any assassination whatsoever. Assassination I consider the basest of crimes—tyrannicide as the sublimest of virtues, it being self-immolation for a man's native country. Beyond that country it would be murder. It strikes him down who hath subverted its laws and stands above them on their ruins. Now, whoever is above them is out of them: in one word, an *outlaw*.

The Emperor Napoleon is the most legitimate *sorran* in the universe, having been chosen by a greater number of suffrages than ever was one before; whereas the wretched and infamous Government which he overthrew annulled those which itself had recently set forth and consecrated. It was not he who planned and executed the invasion of the Roman State, the sister Republic, coming by stealth in the garb of amity, and perpetrating an assassination a hundred fold more extensive than the Parisian. No, it was not he; it was those small, restless, wriggling creatures which showed their heads out of their burrows in the crevices of the old Republic. It was the politicians like Lamar-tine and Changarnier—first-rate in clatter, second-rate in literature, third-rate in public confidence. These people had adjoined all ambition, all encroachment, all interference with the territory or government of other nations; yet attempted to wrest Savoy from Sardinia.

So far am I from desiring the overthrow of Napoleon, I should regret the loss to Europe of the most energetic and sagacious potentate that ever governed any portion of it, excepting the great Protector and the Great Stadtholder. To England, the loss would be peculiarly deplorable, since we may rely on him, and on him only, for the continuance of peace.

Personally I never had intimacy or connection with democratic strangers; I detest and abominate democracy, the destroyer of repub-

lies. The political system requires an immovable centre. Queen Elizabeth, in a speech before Parliament, called the Government "our Commonwealth." In my opinion, the wisest was the Venetian, where gentlemen who had honor to lose and nothing to gain, were the rulers, and wise heads directed strong arms without oscillation. I never take the trouble to defend my opinions, but I will repeat them, as I have often done.

Again, I declare that whoever slays unjustly is justly slain. Would Algernon Sydney, or the still greater Milton, controvert this axiom?

Are the writers who pertinaciously oppose them wiser or even more virtuous than they? Let me never be confounded either with the enemies or the partisans of Napoleon. Frequently, and for many years I enjoyed his conversation, and I heartily wish him a long life and a long succession. He knows enough of me to be convinced that I care little for rank, for power, or for popularity and that it is quite enough for me to be as retired and obscure as any man in England.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

March 16.

THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.—It we were asked for an opinion as to what portion of the territory of the United States will make the greatest relative progress in population, wealth, and the development of its industrial resources within the next ten years, we should not hesitate to reply "the country about Puget Sound." The land is fertile and is covered with dense and very valuable timber. The climate is regular, mild, and healthy, bearing a great resemblance to that of San Francisco. There are numerous mines of coal; gold is found in many of the streams, and the whole country is opened to commerce by a magnificent bay which extends two hundred miles inland, and abounds with excellent harbors, deep enough for the largest vessels afloat. This bay, named Admiralty Inlet at its mouth and Puget Sound in its southern portion, offers conveniences for internal trade unequalled probably by any other bay in the world. There is no bar at the mouth, and vessels can pass either way in all kinds of weather, while inside the depth of water in the channel is in no place less than fifty feet.

South of the sound there is a level tract of fertile land, over which a railroad might easily be made to the Columbia river, a distance of sixty miles; and the Washingtonians hope that if they can get the railroad they will get with it a large share of the trade of the valleys of the Columbia and Willamette—trade which now passes through the difficult and dangerous entrance of the Columbia, where the steamer Republic was not long ago detained for eight days before she could get out.

The Puget Sound country had just made a start in the development of its resources in 1855 when the Indian war broke out, drove away the families, ruined many of the settlers, and put a stop to most of their improvements. The damage from the Indians is now effectually and finally removed, and Washington Territory will this year take a new start.

The sound already has a considerable trade for its small population. There are on its banks sixteen saw-mills, capable of turning out 100,000,000 feet of sawn lumber annually. Its straight and tall timber is valuable for spars, and cargoes of them are sent to New York, England, and Australia. The farmers on the

sound have sent 6000 barrels of flour of last year's crop to San Francisco, and this year they will send far more. There are several flourishing towns in the Territory, of which the principal are Olympia and Steilacoom.—*Alta Californian*.

SERAPHIMS AND CHERUBIMS—"Seraphims know the most, and cherubims love the most." Whence is this saying? I think Macaulay uses it.

[Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 600., says: "Some of the Rabbins tell us that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another; and this, perhaps, according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root."]  
—*Notes and Queries*.

"DE AMORE JESU."—The name of the author, and an English metrical version, of the following lines, will much oblige

Jesu, clemens, pie Deus!  
Jesu, dulcis amor meus!  
Jesu bone, Jesu pie,  
Fili Dei et Marie.

Quisnam possit enarrare,  
Quam jucundum te amare,  
Tecum fide sociari,  
Tecum semper delectari.

Fac ut possim demonstrare  
Quam sit dulce te amare;  
Tecum pati, tecum flere,  
Tecum semper congaudere.

O majestas infinita,  
Amor noster, Spes, et Vita,  
Fac nos dignos te videre,  
Tecum semper permanere.

Ut videntes et fruentes,  
Jubilemus et cantemus,  
In beata celi vita,  
Amen! Jesu, fiat ita.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner,  
THE SILK TRADE.

We propose giving a sketch of this curious and now highly important branch of our industry, chiefly as regards the supply of raw material. We are enabled to do so with some precision, aided by the clear and comprehensive annual circular of the great City brokers, the Messrs. Durant, which we have before us.

We need hardly remind most of our readers that silk, the most curious of all the raw materials of manufacture, for it is little better than the intestines of a caterpillar, was a discovery of China, from which it spread to Japan, to Tonquin, to Siam, to Hindustan, to Persia, to Greece, to Italy, to France. From all these countries except Tonquin, and France, which consumes all its own produce, we derive supplies. We breed no silk-worms ourselves, for our climate is no more fit to rear them than to produce cotton, or cloves, or cinnamon.

Our total imports of raw silk in 1830, seven years after the initiation of freedom in the silk manufacture, amounted to no more than 22,741 bales, and last year, or in twenty-seven years' time, they had risen to 112,757 bales, little short of a five-fold increase. This vast augmentation, in so short an interval, we owe to the removal of pernicious legislative restraints on trade and manufacture, with our increase in numbers and in material prosperity. We are a greater and a somewhat wiser people than we were when our rule of conduct in legislation was to shackle and embarrass industry, dreaming we were encouraging it all the time.

If we look to the sources of our supply of raw silk, we shall see that they are ample, although we do not receive a single skein from our colonies; and indeed, the rearing of the silk-worm is a branch of industry which belongs to old and populous, and not to young and thinly-peopled countries. To begin with the parent country of silk, we received from China, in 1830, no more than 4,842 bales, and last year we imported 94,612 bales, an increase approaching to twenty-fold. This prodigious increase has sprung from several causes, beside the general ones already mentioned. In 1830 our intercourse with China was still oppressed by the monopoly of the East India Company, and our trade was restricted to a single part of the empire. The trade has now been released from the fetters of the monopoly for twenty-three years, and four additional Chinese ports have been opened to us, some of them, by their proximity to the silk yielding districts, far more conveniently situated than the single old one. An incidental cause of the increase in the supply of Chinese silk

has to be added. A murrain had attacked the silk-worm in all the countries of Europe, and hence an enormous increase of price, amounting to near eighty per cent. This price has stimulated production, or rather exportation, for there was no time for production, in China. The country, in short, in which the caterpillar and mulberry are indigenous, stepped in to supply the deficiencies of the countries in which they are exotic; else a lady's gown might have cost as much as did the imperial robe of Justinian's wife, before the two Persian monks had imported the eggs of the butterfly in a bamboo some thirteen centuries ago. The number of bales of silk which we imported last year from China for our own consumption, or that of other nations in want, could not have been worth less than 12,000,000*l.*, which is more than double the value of the tea which we imported from the same country, the worth of that article itself having, in twenty-three short years, been more than doubled, through a more than double supply, without any increase of price. These simple facts will give a tolerable notion of the resources of the three hundred and sixty millions that people China, or rather of the few millions of this mighty multitude with whom we hold a commercial intercourse. The price of silk has now fallen by little less than thirty per cent., and the importers from China are computed to have lost a couple of millions by their speculations, but as a set-off against their loss, they had cleared many more millions while prices were advancing.

We come next to the supply which we receive from our own Indian possessions. Although there can be little doubt that the art of rearing the silk worm was received by the Indians from China, yet it has been immemorially known to them. Like every other commodity demanding skill in production, Indian silk was a rude commodity, unfit for the markets of civilized countries, until European skill was engaged in its production. This was first done by the East India Company, and, as usual, it was in their hands a monopoly. It has now been freed from the shackles of monopoly, but still under European superintendence, and confined to a few districts of Bengal proper, out of our million and a half of square miles of territory. In our Indian possessions we have the same climates as those of the silk-producing provinces of China, and labor as cheap, but by no means as skilful as that of China. Let us see the results, then, of our eighty years' efforts to produce exportable silk, for that is about the time that we have been engaged in the labor. In 1830, our imports from India were 8,726 bales, and last year they were no more than 9,011 bales. The increase of



supply in twenty-seven years was a paltry three per cent., in contrast to the almost twenty-fold increase in the supply from China, within the same time. In the late dearth, then our manufactures would have starved for all the help they received from British India.

Our next importation of raw silk is from Turkey and Persia, but mostly from the latter country, the production chiefly of the province of Geelan, on the Caspian. Of the silk of Persia we receive a share, Russia more, still more remaining for home consumption. In 1830 our imports were 455 bales, and last year they had risen to 2,474 bales. In so far, then, as concerns mere quantity, there would seem more elasticity of production under the heretical Mahomedan Government of Persia, than under the orthodox Christian Government of India. But the silk of Persia is in value about 30 per cent. below that of China; and this inferiority is a tolerably fair criterion of the relative skill of Persians and Chinese in the manufacturing arts.

We come lastly to the supply of raw silk which we receive from Italy, the producing states being, there, the northern,—the most industrious parts of the peninsula. In 1830 we received from Italy 8,718 bales, and last year only 3,154. This falling off was evidently owing to failure of crops and the competition of France; for in some intermediate years we find the Italian imports rising to near 10,000 bales. The average value of the silk of Italy is sixty per cent. better than that of China, and superior by a still larger percentage to that of the average of British Bengal. The production of good silk, like that of all other raw materials demanding skill and care in preparation, such as sugar and indigo, is a test of civilisation. Accordingly we have the raw silk of Turkey and Persia at the bottom of the scale; that of Bengal comes next; then that of China, then that of Italy. The silk civilised France, despite disadvantages of climate, excels, we believe, even that of Italy. The skill of Europe, then struggling as it does against climate, and dealing with exotics, beats that of China, favored by a genial climate, dealing with an indigenous article, and commanding cheaper

labor, with the advantage of the experience of twenty centuries.

So much for the raw material, and now a few words for the manufacture. The silk manufacture was introduced into England three centuries and a half ago, but barbarism at first, and the bolstering and swaddling of pernicious laws afterwards, long hindered it from making any progress. A French king, indeed, by punishing the bodies of his subjects for the good of their souls, and so forcing them to expatriate themselves, and settle among us, did us some little service in the matter of the silk manufacture. Still our fabrics continued bad and dear, and it was only when Huskisson gave the manufacture some freedom, just thirty-five years ago, that it began to make speedy advancement. Before the year 1823 our average yearly exports were of about the value of £370,000., our only consumers being those who had no option but to buy from us,—our colonists. We then exported neither thrown silk foreign or domestic, nor raw silk, nor foreign manufactured silk. Our sage laws took care that we should not. In 1856 we exported our own silk fabrics to the value of nearly three millions. But by virtue of free trade and free navigation, England has become a great, indeed the greatest emporium for silk; and hence we exported in the same year foreign and Indian silks, raw and wrought, to the value of £2,115,849. Our exports, in short, were from thirteen to fourteen fold the value they were when our manufacture was oppressed and nearly smothered by protections; and they were, moreover, incomparably better and cheaper. Our Australian colonies at this moment take off more of our silks than did the whole world in the year 1823.

Our own consumption of our own silk fabrics far exceeds our exports in value, probably in the proportion of at least three to one, which would make £12,000,000. the total value of our manufactured silks. So much for the freedom of manufacture and trade as exhibited in the example of the useful and brilliant stuff which we obtain either from the cradle, or the tomb, or both, of the famous Chinese caterpillar.

**RED AND BLACK.**—At the recent reception of the Indian delegations at Washington, Wah-gah-sah-pi, a chief of the Poncos, said: "I call you grandfather for no other reason than this: God made me of one color, and you of another; but God was partial to you, and made you of

better color. A white man can do any thing, and make any thing." Other orators expressed similar sentiments. All seemed humbly to admit the superiority of the white man, because he was white, and readily submitted to it, since God willed that it should be so.

From The Christian Observer.  
SISTERHOODS.

WHILE much attention has been of late years, given to the subjects of Sisterhoods, and communities acting as Sisters of Charity, and many efforts have been made to introduce this system into our country by one party,—while it has been equally opposed by another,—perhaps some space in your valuable Periodical may be well occupied by calling more attention to what has been doing, gradually, silently, yet effectually, for some years past, by the Institution of the Deaconesses of Paris, on principles of devoted, yet clearly Protestant and Evangelical piety.

In the first Papers, circulated before the commencement of the Institution, sixteen or seventeen years ago, the principles laid down are simply those of doing everything in accordance with the Gospel message;—everything which may spread its benefits, extend its influence, and make the fruits of faith more abundant and more visible in the lives of those professing it.

They desired to be Protestants only in protesting against all that is contrary to the word of God; and earnestly desiring to improve and supply any defects that might exist in their Church. They sought for their guide only in the Bible, and strove to form a Sisterhood of Charity, not in imitation of those of the Church of Rome, but of those earlier Scriptural institutions, which were the origin of all that is really useful and valuable in modern societies.

To form such Deaconesses as those of the Primitive, and, in later times, of the Moravian Church, it needed only to find those possessing faith as pure, love as fervent, and self-denial as entire; and we have reason now to rejoice thankfully that such elements are still alive, and active among modern Christians.

The circumstances of the Protestant body in France perhaps called more decidedly for such an Institution than those of any other country. They are a minority in a large nation, much isolated in feeling. Every public charity, hospital, prison, or refuge is under the influence or in the hands of Roman Catholic bodies, who use the opportunities thus given to shake the faith of those admitted into them. It was, therefore, highly desirable to have small model Institutions of such charities conducted on Protestant principles, and to train such Deaconesses for assisting in them, as willingly devoted themselves to the work of the Lord among the poor, desiring to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to show their faith only by works.

The Institution commenced on a small

scale, in 1841, in Paris, where the principal house is situated in one of the suburbs, and surrounded by a large manufacturing population. The Deaconesses, when properly trained, are destined to be transferred to any of the Evangelical congregations in France.

The Institution is under one Council of Direction, which consists of at least one clergyman, the Superior, and three other ladies. Another clergyman is a joint member, so as to take the place which the absence or the illness of his brother minister may create. The chief direction of the work, and the final decision on all important questions, rests with this body; though, since the work has very much expanded, several sub-committees have been added to superintend different parts of it. All the authority over the members of the community rests visibly with the Lady Superior, who, residing among and with the Deaconesses, guides and directs all. None are admitted as candidates for Deaconesses without the consent of their families, unless they are orphans, widows, or above thirty. They are generally between twenty and forty-five years of age. For the first six months they are called *Sœurs aspirantes*. If they have, at the end of that time, fulfilled the duties committed to them well, they are advanced to further employment, and considered as *Sœurs novices*; and it is not until this training has been continued for a year, that they can become Deaconesses. Should any Sister not even then be considered competent for the office, the training may be continued three or six months longer.

The engagement to become a Deaconess is made only for two years. They are bound by no further vows, are always free to return to their families, or to leave the Institution, to marry if desirable. Many remain much united to the Society, though in their own homes. Every Sister, while an *aspirante* or *novice*, pays to the community 500 francs (£20.) a year, and for the first two years of being admitted a Deaconess 250 francs (£10.) a year. They retain the entire control of any property of their own. Many women, whose services may be very valuable to the Church, being unable to make even these payments for themselves, it has been found very useful to form separate subscriptions among the rich and charitable to defray their expenses. All remuneration for their services as nurses goes to the community. The Sisters wear a species of uniform,—a simple black dress and bonnet; their wardrobe must be well supplied when they first enter; the Society afterwards provides for this as well as every other want, takes entire charge of

them in sickness, and provides for the old age of those who have devoted their life to the work.

All the Sisters, without exception, are trained to household duties, to the care of the sick, to visits among the poor, and to all female industrial work, such as laundry and needlework, superintending the cooking, and preparing food and even medicines for the sick. All are capable of these; while the more responsible offices of directress of schools, asylums, refuges, or other charities, are reserved for those who show talents and dispositions peculiarly suited to them.

One great difficulty in the work has arisen from most of the Deaconesses coming from among those classes of society, where a carefully advanced education is not generally met with. It is, therefore, necessary to give further instruction,\* as each ought to be capable of writing a letter easily, and sometimes even a summary of their occupations, of keeping an account of all work committed to them, as well as of reading the Bible with ease and fluency, and of understanding and explaining its meaning in a simple manner. When a Deaconess is sent to another city she is still under the direction of the Superior in Paris, but placed also under the special care of the Minister of the Church to which she is sent, and with whom the Council keeps up a constant correspondence.

It was on these Rules that in 1841 the Committee began their work with five Sisters only, having been very happily guided in the choice of a Superior. They opened their House in the Rue Reuilly, first for a Refuge for Penitent Females of Protestant Families; and while the number of Sisters gradually increased, and they were being trained to the various employments their profession would require, they endeavored to exercise these penitents in industrious and active habits,

\* The Lessons given with this view are as follows:—Three times a week lessons in reading, writing, and orthography, and various studies tending to mental development; six times a week lessons in French and arithmetic, given alternately by two of the oldest Deaconesses; three times a week, studies on the Bible, and a course of preparation for the Christian duties of the Diaconate by the Superior; every Wednesday evening a meeting of the Sisters under the direction of a Minister, to exercise them in reading aloud, and meditating on the Word of God; two lessons in singing sacred music, given to all persons in the house; and the last Saturday in the month a general meeting, when hymns are sung and commented on, and various pieces are read on Sacred Literature, &c., before the evening devotions. A more advanced education is given to those Sisters who are preparing for their examinations as directresses of schools or asylums (a license is necessary for this in France, and a very strict examination is passed). The Medical Attendant of the Hospital also gives a course of instruction, both theoretic and practical, to those Sisters intended for nurses.

and to touch their hearts and consciences with the saving truths and hopes of the Gospel. This was but the commencement of their work;—by degrees they enlarged its circle; and it is instructive to mark, how gradually this has been done,—step by step, as each department developed itself and succeeded, another was added; and while they acknowledged that it was the Lord alone who worked in and for them, they returned thanks for being permitted to be laborers in His vineyard.

The Deaconesses were first instructed in hospitals in Paris; they then formed a Dispensary, commenced visiting their poor neighbors, gathered their children into a Sunday-school; next they opened an Infirmary for Sick Children, and a School of Discipline for those who were vicious or unruly; they then turned their attention to erecting a Hospital for women and children, and afterwards for men, on a small scale, as it was desirable for the Deaconesses to learn at home the duties they would afterwards have to practice on a larger scale. They persevered through many difficulties and discouragements, and before the end of two years they numbered twelve Sisters,—five others desiring to become such,—and had sent three to different posts in the Departments. The want of larger premises being continually felt, they succeeded in obtaining another house and garden adjoining their own; and, amid many difficulties in raising funds to pay for this, they joyfully saw the facilities it afforded for larger efforts; and planned, now adding, a nursery for infants, a day-school for girls, the preparatory one for Deaconesses, and an asylum for receiving young girls sent from the Courts of Justice, while their Chapel now became a place of worship for many in their vicinity.

During the troubled season of 1848, the Rue de Reuilly was the scene of much fighting around many barricades, but the Deaconesses were now so well known as to be safe and respected amid these scenes of danger: they were able to visit the distressed families near, to receive the wounded into their hospitals, to shelter many women and children, to comfort widows and orphans whose homes were filled up with soldiers. By their Minister's direction they collected their poor neighbors into their Chapel for service and prayers, and it was an affecting sight to see about two hundred women, mostly with little ones in their arms, and a few feeble old men, meeting to pray for others so dear to them, who were still fighting in the streets or fled into places of concealment. During the time of private trouble and affliction which followed, the Deaconesses were able to be great blessings to their neighborhood, though all branches of their Institution suffered most

severely in their funds, and it needed much faith to persevere in all their works, when human help was so much withdrawn. But their faith was owned and blessed, and their cause has continued prospering, and adding fresh branches to the original root, till in the present year we find them expanded to the following numbers:—14 united Deaconesses, 2 of whom were lately received; 5 corresponding Deaconesses; 7 in the Training School, and 3 more soon expected. 8 infants have occupied cradles in Nursery; 100 or 110 have generally been present in the Infant Day School; 90 to 96 in the more advanced Juvenile School; 10 to 17 in the Disciplinary School as boarders; 12 to 17 in the Refuge for young Women. In the Hospital Department there have been 66 women, 40 men, and 39 children; and 13 children also in the Infirmary: being altogether 156 sick. They have this year only been able to supply five families with nurses in sickness. There have been occasional occupants of the rooms destined for ladies who may wish to be nursed here in time of illness, and who remunerate the Society for their care. Thus, there are now more than 400 persons often received under the roof of the Deaconesses, besides the large circle of poor around benefited by their charities and example. Could there anywhere be found a more truly missionary work for women, giving them daily opportunities of spreading Gospel light, and the consolations of faith and charity around them, while pursuing the most simple and humble habits of daily life? This was the impression made on our minds when we visited this Institution in September last, and saw all these various works carried on in their course of quiet diligence;—an air of peace, order, cleanliness, and of almost joyful happiness reigned throughout, specially in the Juvenile department. The infants were, some carefully tended in their pretty white cradles, and others toddling about in the gardens and sheltering under the trees, where several of the elders were at work. The Juvenile School was receiving apparently rather advanced lessons in arithmetic, all given *sotto voce*, in a pleasing manner; while the Infant School had more lively singing lessons, keeping time with their little feet.

Each department had its separate play-

ground, and all were gathered round a kind of garden-court, adjoining to which is the larger garden, which affords much space for recreation and air, as well as providing vegetables for the household. At the end of this court is a well-arranged kitchen, laundry, and washhouse, and every necessary office for a large household; a study for the deaconesses; and partly detached, and yet communicating with these, are rooms for the Refuge—one for the youthful and another for the elder penitents. A Deaconess is constantly in each room, each having her own department. Texts of Scripture, well selected, are painted on the walls, and are the only ornaments. The Chapel, simply built, is spacious enough to receive many of the poorer neighbors, as well as the inmates, to the services constantly held there. The hospital rooms are built above the offices and school-rooms, and appeared carefully arranged and tended; the rooms for the lady patients were so clean and comfortably furnished, as to be far more tempting residences than any we had seen in Paris, but as yet they have not met with many remunerating occupants. Every thing appeared in admirable order, while the spirit of love and benevolence, which guided and animated all, was expressed in the countenances and manners of the Deaconesses, who kindly showed us their homes and employments; and we left them, thankful that the Spirit had been given to form such an Institution in that pleasure-loving capital, and praying that this Society might be the parent of many others. S.

[NOTE.—We have much satisfaction in inserting this communication, and are anxious as the writer that the example in France may act as a call to our countrywomen to try the same experiment in our own land. We have yet to learn that Englishwomen are not capable of all that other women have achieved; and nothing would be more grievous than that that great birth of the Crimean Expedition—the employment of women as public benefactors—should be strangled in its cradle. The writer of this Paper appears to be a female. Why should she not stand forth as the originator of such a scheme? We could easily shame Lady Superiors who would emulate the zeal without falling into the follies of the Plymouth Sisterhood. There are Bishops and Parish Priests also who have no taste for the Confessional, and who long to see some of their countrywomen released from the oppressive languor of doing nothing, and again going forth as fellow-laborers with the ministers of religion.—*Ed. Christian Observer.*

**TWITCHIL OR QUITCHIL.**—Halliwell, in his excellent *Archaic Dictionary*, defines this word to be “a narrow passage or alley;” thus forming, at the entrance or outlet, two angles; from the word “twit,” which the same glossarist explains to mean an angle.—*Notes and Queries.*

**CONVERSATION.**—The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.



From The National Magazine.

# CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE BENCH.

DECEMBER 25th, 185-, we spent in the Queen's Bench! Yes, by virtue of a ruthless *captas ad satisfaciendum*, I think they call it, or for short, a *ca. sa.*, and as a penalty for having signed his name, "as a mere matter of form," for his old friend Brown, my husband was placed in durance vile just one week before Christmas; and a *fi. fa.*, as they call it, having effectually disposed of our "neat and elegant household furniture," I, his wife, with our three small children, took a lodging—"a little place in Surrey,"—to be near the captive, and share his daily meals; a privilege which only Queen's prisoners are able to enjoy. As the week went on, there seemed but little chance of release before Christmas Day, Brown's "friend's friend" proving inexorable, and wanting his bill, his whole bill, and nothing but his whole bill; and all we could do was to try to make ourselves as happy as possible under the circumstances. So, in anticipation of Christmas Day,—a friend having promised us a dinner, which would be forwarded in a hamper per Parcels Delivery Company,—we enlarged our table by means of a board; and on the strength of the promised hamper invited a Welsh clergyman—also a captive—to dine with us, who agreed to come and bring his goose. All seemed to promise well. We had news of our hamper, and were in hourly expectation of its arrival. I began, however, to feel rather nervous when, Christmas Eve having arrived, the hamper was still a problem, notwithstanding an assurance from the officials at Fetter Lane, on inquiry that "it was all right," and "was on the way." But suppose, *only suppose*, it didn't come in time, and there should be no dinner except the visitor's goose, how awkward it would be! for it happened that our ready money was at a very low ebb, and buying a Christmas dinner was at that juncture quite out of the question.

On Christmas Eve I went home to our lodgings with a sad heart. The loss of a Christmas dinner in anticipation under other circumstances would probably have troubled me but little; but *here*, and *now*, it seemed to make me fancy somehow we were deserted and forsaken. Full of sorrowful thoughts, I went to sleep in my little room, my three children slumbering beside me, and dreamt of our all dining on a Welsh rabbit, which our clerical friend made out of the soles of his boots.

Christmas morning dawned, or rather fogged, and we straggled over to the Bench, cold, dank, and miserable, to find still no hamper. As we passed through the gates, the season, or the day, or the prospect of a

good dinner, had had a humanizing effect; and the turkeys, ordinarily civil, were to-day bland and amiable to a degree, and wished us a merry Christmas as if they meant it. The windows of the captives generally wore a festive appearance; turkeys, geese, ducks, legs of pork, strings of sausages, hares, partridges, little pigs, hams, and other good things, hung out in tempting array. I looked up at ours. Alas, fatal hamper!—faithless Parcels Delivery, where is the promised turkey? where the beef, the sausages? where the mince-pies? answer echoes! I comforted myself, however, with thoughts of the goose,—vain hope! When I reached the little room, 4 in 16, I found our Welsh friend and my husband already in consultation on the forlorn aspect of affairs; for neither goose nor hamper had made its appearance, and our hopes of dinner apparently had no better foundation than the fact that a pair of unhappy-looking woodcocks—what the French call *bécasses*—were on the table.

I am, however, a woman of resources, or fancy myself one; at all events, I was not going to be conquered on this occasion, and I determined that a Christmas dinner we should have somehow. It occurred to me that these deplorable-looking *bécasses* would at all events be game; or at least would serve to give a gamy flavor to any dish I might improvise. I therefore, taking the old Irishwoman who "did for us" into my confidence, sallied forth, and bought a couple of pounds of rump-steak and four-penny-worth of carrots and turnips. These materials, added to the woodcocks, I made into a stew *à la Meg Merrilies*; and let me tell you, reader, the result was a most excellent compound. Poor Taffy, as we called our Welsh friend (for short), brightened up a little when he saw the preparations: he was—let me just hint it—the very least *souppçon* of a gourmand; and even if he wasn't, surely so narrow an escape of having no dinner at all would have been enough to make a man look a little grave. Having succeeded thus far, it struck me that three-penny-worth of apples, judiciously mingled with bread-and-butter and a little sugar, would suffice for an apple-charlotte; for baking which in the public kitchen (let me not forget to mention) they actually charged sixpence! (Wasn't it too bad?) This, with the addition of a shilling's worth of mince-pies (which I bought of a neighboring pieman), served as our pudding course; and a very jolly dinner we had, after all: but let me not anticipate. After I had set my stew by the side of the fire, committing it to the guardianship of the old Irishwoman under *certain* restrictions,—for I had no mind to have it turned into an Irish stew,—I went out with my husband and two boys,

leaving the little girl with the old woman, to pay a Christmas visit to a Yorkshire clergyman of our acquaintance; and here let me own the smell of *his* goose, which was roasting before the fire, was just a little too much for my philosophy, which being in itself weak, was scarcely able to stand another prisoner's goose,—not that I was envious, but still there are certain things that one can't get over.

We were very careful not to hint at our disappointment; it does not always do to let your friends know all your misadventures. We even tried to look at the goose as if we were comparing it mentally with our own; and terminated our visit by hints that we had a *good deal of cooking to see to*. On our return I found my Irishwoman true to her trust, and the mess proceeding satisfactorily, —at least judging from the aroma which issued from the pot, and which, to quote from the old woman, was “*illegant entirely*.” Our dinner was fixed for five precisely. Taffy was punctual, and we sat down hopefully. The stew, as I hinted before, proved first-rate, and we dined sumptuously. We had besides Taffy's allowance of beer as well as our own, and *his* pint of wine and our own to boot; so that we had it in our power to become hilarious if we chose. And now the good dinner, and the beer, and the wine, and the excitement, so mellowed Taffy, that he opened his stores of anecdote, one of which was rather apropos to the improvised dinner.

“This reminds me,” said he, “of the dinner to which I invited my friend who left here a month ago—Mr. Vane Cox. A lady of my acquaintance in the Ladies' Ward wrote me word that she had sent a rabbit-pie to the kitchen for me. ‘Tell your Mary,’ she said, ‘to ask for Miss Lloyd's rabbit-pie.’ I went to Mr. Cox's room, and said to him, ‘Will you come and dine with me? I'm going to have a rabbit-pie.’ ‘By all means,’ said he; ‘I like a rabbit-pie above all things.’ Well, six o'clock came, and with it a pie and Mr. Vane Cox. The crust looked promising, and I plunged my knife into it precipitately. Mr. Vane Cox was hungry; so was I. The odor that came out was rather doubtful; but still rabbits *do* smell rather high, and I was not uneasy; but where were the rabbits? Meat there was, and fat, and gristle, and onions; but where were the rabbits? ‘What's the matter?’ said Mr. Vane Cox. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘look you, this is a rabbit-pie, but I can't find the rabbits, and the meat seems to me

rather high to boot.’ ‘O,’ said he, ‘they have sent you the wrong pie, that's all.’ As this seemed possible, I despatched Mary to the kitchen with the pie, and strict injunctions to bring the right one back instead. Mary returned with consternation in her face: ‘Sure, they've took the pie to my Lord Howard's.’ ‘Well, Mary, go and fetch it.’ ‘Is it fetch it you said? Well, and sure and I've been there; and says I to the woman which waits upon him,—Hannah Plunder, as we calls her,—“Hannah,” says I, “there's been a pie brought here in consequence of a mistake, which it's Mr. Jones's pie.” “Pie!” says Hannah, flaring up,—for she's a devil of a temper is Hannah,—“my lord certingly had a pie for his dinner, and a rabbit-pie it was.” “Go and fetch it,” says I, “for it's Mr. Jones's.” “Fetch it,” says Hannah; “why, they've heat it, bless you.” “Eat it!” says I,—for by this time my heart was in my mouth; “was it heat it you said?” “Them was my words,” says Hannah. “Then the devil take their disgestion,” says I; for flesh and blood couldn't stand it. ‘Mr. Vane Cox,’ said I in desperation, ‘*can you dine on a rump-steak?*’ ‘Faith I can,’ says he, ‘if it's tender.’ ‘Mary, fetch a steak, and look you, beat it well.’ The steak came; need I say that it was tough,—tough as an old shoe. Now I subsequently discovered that if there was one thing more than another that Mr. Vane Cox abominated, it was a tough steak,—and, look you, I'm not fond of it myself.”

Well, we were innocently happy, and even merry. We had but just time to have coffee when the little bell which warned visitors that in half an hour they must be “all out” rang; and we prepared our wraps, for the night was cold. And now let us say good night to Taffy,—good night, old friend, may you sleep soundly; and good night, papa. And good night, and good night, my darlings, he replies. Christmas was in his heart at least. And now papa goes with us as far as the first gate.

I may mention, that nearly a week afterwards the hamper came to hand; but don't ask me to tell you in what state we found the contents. That beef!—picture to yourself,—a thing but to be sniffed at and rejected; that turkey,—ill-fated bird; those sausages! those mince-pies! that pudding!—victims to surrounding malaria. Only one thing escaped, and that was a bottle of sherry, which we drank to the memory of the rest in solemn silence.

From The Athenæum.  
ROMANCE OF THE STOLEN PICTURES.

VARIOUS rumors and suggestions as to the whereabouts of the pictures stolen from Lord Suffolk's country residence were set at rest a few days ago by the Police Court intelligence that they were all recovered. The thief, who had formerly been valet to Lord Suffolk, and therefore knew every inch of the mansion at Charlton Park, was brought before the magistrate at Westminster. The advertisement which appeared in the newspapers of October, 1856, will best recapitulate the circumstances and extent of the robbery.—“Stolen on the night of Friday the 10th inst., from Charlton Park, Wiltshire, the residence of the Earl of Suffolk, the following pictures without frames :—1, ‘Virgin and Child,’ by Leonardo da Vinci; 2, A Landscape, by Gaspar Poussin; 3, ditto, ditto; 4, ‘Virgin and Child,’ by Procaccini; 5, ‘Le Raboteur,’ by Annibale Carracci; 6, ‘Head of Our Saviour,’ by Guido; 7, ‘The Nativity,’ by ditto; 8, Sea-piece, by Vanderveld; 9, Interior of a Dutch Town, by Van der Heyden; 10, ‘Tivoli,’ by Poussin.” The detective police soon perceived that the thief knew the premises beforehand; it was evident that he had taken the frames from the walls, and having extracted the pictures had rehung them with polite consideration, leaving everything in the dining-room in complete order, except one of his tools and a piece of string on a chair. He had entered by the park lodge, but decamped over the wall. The housemaids on entering the room in the morning perceived nothing unusual; but Lady Suffolk on coming down to breakfast instantly gave the alarm.

Meanwhile, a man was making his way along the high-road, with two paper parcels slung before and behind. He narrowly escaped detection at an inn, where in reply to the landlord's question he had stated that his parcels contained pictures, and the landlord felt sorely tempted to peep at them during the temporary absence of the man. After hiring a gig to convey him to Swindon station, the thief entered the London train and was lost sight of. All this happened before a quarter past nine the same morning. It was soon after confidently stated that the pictures were being sold in Holland, then in Germany, and many times in America. Once, indeed, a man with a corresponding number of pictures, for which he could render no satisfactory account, was actually apprehended at New York, and intelligence conveyed to the Suffolk family. Notwithstanding these rumors, the pictures seem to have been all the while concealed in London, some at the thief's own house, and the rest in the War Office, where the prisoner, whose name has not been correctly stated, held a good appointment as messenger—which post we hear, was not procured for him, as stated in the newspapers, by Lord Suffolk. The large reward of £1,000 offered by Lady Suffolk for the discovery of the property, or information respecting the thief, had the desired effect. A picture-dealer of Pimlico announced that he had bought two pictures corresponding with the descriptions given, and they proved to be the Da Vinci and a Poussin landscape which stand

first in the advertisement enumeration. The culprit was immediately secured; and he at once disclosed where the remainder had been stowed away. Some were sunk behind tall presses, or book-shelves, at the War Office, with strings attached to them for the purpose of drawing them out when requisite. Lord Suffolk's collection has obtained especial notoriety from the high praise which Dr. Waagen bestowed upon a picture at Charlton, known as “La Vierge aux Rochers,” by Leonardo da Vinci. It was exhibited at the British Institution in the memorable year 1851, and then excited great attention, together with another picture, also Lord Suffolk's, by Annibale Carracci, called “Le Raboteur.” The latter was decidedly the most popular. It came from the Orleans Collection, and was remarkable for its grace, finish, and the exquisite richness of the coloring. Joseph as the carpenter, with the plane, forms a prominent feature in the scene. The infant Christ stands at the bench measuring the wood, in illustration of one of the strange old legends, whilst the Virgin—a lovely simple figure—sits apart sewing. This attractive picture, oddly enough, was entirely passed over by Dr. Waagen in his late and much-talked-of work upon our Picture Galleries, &c.

Much has been said during the past week respecting the verdicts given, by two experienced judges in Art, upon the stolen Da Vinci, which the Pimlico dealer had offered them for sale before their connexion with the missing series was even suspected. Both connoisseurs not only declined the purchase, but disavowed the picture as the work of Leonardo. Hereupon numerous remarks have been made, contrasting the enthusiastic admiration of Drs. Waagen and Passavant, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Mr. Murray, who visited Charlton together (the visit is recorded by Waagen himself), with the indifference shown to the same picture when transferred into another atmosphere. But the picture is not the same. The one—“La Vierge aux Rochers”—admired by these gentlemen was never stolen. Being painted on cumbrous pannel, it puzzled the thief, and he left it. Lord Suffolk possessed a second picture which he called Da Vinci. This is the one really in question, and was stolen. It was also exhibited at the Institution in 1851,—and that its merits are truly of an equivocal nature will be seen by a reference to the *Athenæum* of that year [No. 1233].

The remaining eight are none of them either of noted rarity or especial excellence. But the Van der Heyden, “The Adoration of the Shepherds,” and the “Tivoli,” with the Flight into Egypt in the foreground, are spoken of in high terms by Dr. Waagen; and it is a matter of congratulation that all these treasures have been recovered with no greater harm than a little severe cleaning upon the two which went to the dealer. In these days, pictures, of the genuineness of the greater part of the ten, fall fast enough through the trap-doors of oblivion and wanton destruction; and we feel sure that the Art-loving public will joyfully hail the present rescue. The pictures are all in Lord Suffolk's hands again.

# 320 ALONE.—SOWER TO HIS SEED.—A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

AT BELTON, LINCOLNSHIRE:

JUNE 18, 1857.

'Twas night: the crescent moon from out the west,

Over a bank of clouds looked forth, and shed  
A gentle brightness o'er the woods and fields;  
A lulling murmur from the river came,  
And quiv'ring zephyrs toyed with leaf and flower.

When roused by the beetle's birring hum—  
Where brooded o'er their young his loving mate,  
In covert low edged round with buds and flowers—

Up rose the nightingale: first from his throat  
Came flute-like forth his opening notes,  
Then swelling into rapture, fell and rose  
In jocund song. Now ringing echo-like,  
He note to note replied in octave bright,  
'Till in his ecstasy, full forth he poured  
His jug, jug, jug. Then lower fell his song,  
As if in converse with his mate he spoke,  
In tones of fond caress, how warm within  
He felt the burden of his love to be.  
Catching her quick response, his triumph rang,  
In loud soprano, till the air and trees  
Were full of melody and sparkling notes  
Caught by the echo near, then bounding back,  
Came leaping into his listening ears like hail.  
—*Chambers' Journal.* JOHN HAWKINS.

## ALONE.

PATIENT and faithful, and tender and true,  
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—  
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—  
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears;  
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,  
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,  
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;  
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—  
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—  
You cannot; too lightly you cast them aside,  
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,  
Though the light from my spirit for ever hath fled,

Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted  
in you

As my standard and type of the leal and the true;

O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,  
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.  
—*Chambers' Journal.* T. D. A.

## THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

SINK, little seed, in the earth's black mould  
Sink in your graves, so wet and so cold—

There must you lie;  
Earth I throw over you,  
Darkness must cover you,  
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!  
What grief make known for loss of the day!

Sadly you'd speak;  
"Lie here, must I ever?  
Will the sun-light never  
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed. Soon, yet again,  
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain;  
Thou'lt be so fair,  
With thy green shades so light,  
And thy flowers so bright  
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould—  
Sink in the grave, so wet and so cold;  
There must we stay,  
Till at last we shall see  
Time turn to eternity—  
Darkness to day.

—*London Journal.*

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,—  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-  
night, for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
One shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I  
can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is  
lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true  
mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now, lest at some future day, my whole  
life wither and decay.

Lives there, within thy nature hid,  
The demon-spirit, Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my  
heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,  
And answer to my claim  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,  
Not thou, had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—  
O surely thou, wilt warn me now!

—*Household Words.*